JOHN BULL, APRIL 3, 1937. Vol. XXXIX. No. 1038

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Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

From stubble to swansdown

By RUPERT

The most important thing in the shave is the lather. Some men always use too dry a lather, which stays on the surface and never gets down between the hairs; while some always use too wet a lather, which runs and never gives the soap a chance of getting round the base of the hairs and softening them.

The really good lather is the damp, billowy, caressing lather, which will sink right down into the beard and make it soft and supple.

THOSE RUDE FOREFATHERS

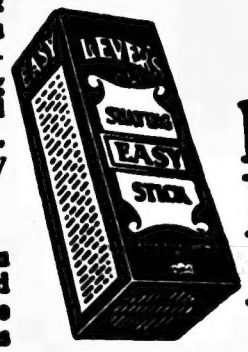
In the Stone Age they hacked at their beards with flint. In the Bronze Age they shaved with bronze; while some bright sparks, we are told, used to prefer to singe their beards with hot walnut shells (rather a pretty idea, I think). What should we be shaving with to-day? Aluminium? It does not very much matter, for we of this generation have learnt at length that it is not so much the razor you shave with that really matters. It is the soap with which you soften your beard which is all-important. Easy Shaving Stick can turn your beard from stubble to swansdown, that will give you a really close shave.

SHOCK TACTICS

It's no good thinking that you can spring lightly out of bed in the morning, and surprise the offending beard while it is still asleep. A beard requires as much coaxing as a naughty child, for by nature it is as obstinate as the quill of a porcupine. Can you guess the one thing that will melt its heart? It's EASY.

"You are old, Uncle Rupert," the young man cried,
"And your chins are exceedingly double,
"Yet I notice you manage to shave them each day
"Without the least bother or trouble."

"In the days of my youth"
Uncle Rupert replied,
"I shaved, but with pain
and despair;
"But now it's so easy
with EASY to shave,
"I could shave twenty chins
I declare!"

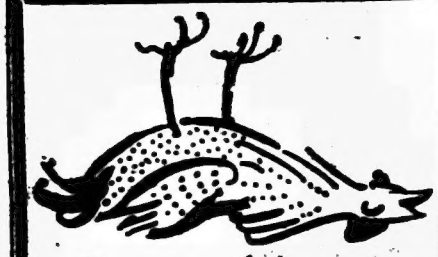


LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

6d Per Stick

Sold by Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

MY EASTER MESSAGE by "WOODBINE WILLIE"



Feeding Chickens with Cocoa and Coloured Ribbon to get Easter Eggs

is certainly a novel idea, but then the "Passing Show" — especially the Easter Number—is nothing if not novel. Gilbert Wilkinson's illustrated page in the coloured supplement on the subject of Easter Eggs will amuse you mightily. Stephen Leacock—W. Heath Robinson—Bruce Bairnsfather—A. G. G.—Herbert Farjeon—Will Scott—Ashley Sterne—A. A. Thomson, etc., etc., have also conspired together to make this number the most joyous thing on the bookstalls. Take it on your Holidays.

7½D

PASSING SHOW

EASTER NUMBER
Out Thurs., April 1st
48 Pages for 2d.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Another £250 DEATH BENEFIT PAID THIS WEEK

"Putting the kettle on the fire."

This simple, homely act caused the death of Mrs. Burbidge, of 47, Duke St., Grimsby. Stooping over the fire; the flames, fanned by the draught from the open door, caught her apron alight. In a moment she was a mass of flames, and, unfortunately, succumbed to her injuries. "John Bull" has forwarded to her husband a cheque for £250.

184 More Benefits Paid this Week

FIRE—Up to £400.

MOSS SIDE, MANCHESTER.—Mr. F. G. Cox, 17, Carthorpe Road.
ORRELL, Nr. WIGAN.—Mrs. M. A. Bold, 296, Upholland Road.
LOWER EDMONTON.—Mrs. E. A. Perkins, 94, Bounces Road.
ROCHDALE.—Mr. S. Dean, 16, Stephen Street.
SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. T. Russell, 48, Charles Road.
HULL.—Mr. J. Sidwell, 32, Redbourn Street.
WIDNES.—Mrs. J. Sadler, 50, Cholmondeley Street.
MOSS SIDE, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. C. Turner, 126, Claremont Road.
BALSALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. E. Robinson, 5, Prospect Place, Clifton Road.
FOREST HILL.—Mrs. A. Collier, 75, Vancouver Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. F. Hall, 2-103, Charles Henry Street.
SCUNTHORPE.—Mr. F. G. Vessey, 100, Mary Street.
AIRDRIE.—Mrs. H. Machlton, 46, Chapel Street
BRITON FERRY.—Mr. H. Griffiths, 31, Heath Road.
LEADGATE, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. M. E. Herdman, 476, North Cross Street.
HANDSWORTH.—Mr. A. J. Pitt, 106, Booth Street.
LEIGH.—Mr. A. Fenner, 34, Oxford Street.
EDGBASTON.—Mrs. F. Phillips, 60, Latimer Street.
PELAW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. W. M. Thompson, 30, Queen Victoria Street.
BOLTON.—Mr. J. W. Lane, 312, Manchester Road.

SICKNESS BENEFIT—£5 5 0

MARKET HARBOROUGH.—Mrs. W. Hanton, 80, Highfield Street.
FILLONGLEY, Nr. COVENTRY.—Mr. E. Hunt, 12, Crossway Cottages, Wood End.
SPALDING.—Mr. J. A. Miller, Cuckoo Road.
COVENTRY.—Mr. A. Hodes, 313, Corporation Cottages, Holbrook Lane.
SILVERTON, Nr. EXETER.—Mrs. W. Blanchford, King Street.
CHARLTON.—Mr. H. A. Curtis, 389, Woolwich Road.
ELY, Nr. CARDIFF.—Mrs. M. C. McElveen, 12, Cherry Square.
LEICESTER.—Mr. W. H. Rudkin, 99, Bixby Road, South Wigston.
BURNOPFIELD, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. R. Farran, 5, Crook Bank Cottages.
HIGH SPEN, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. J. Trasdale, 40, West Street.
SWALWELL, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. P. Dinning, Holmes Buildings.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. Evans, 10, Edith Road, Smethwick.
LONDON.—Mrs. M. Rabbett, 294, Hornsey Road.
MERTFOLD, NORFOLK.—Mrs. C. Manning, Bolton Lane.
AYLBURTON COMMON, Nr. LYDNEY, GLOS.—Mr. C. G. Hodgson.

ACCIDENT BENEFIT—£3 per week.

ALUM ROCK, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. J. Robertson, 39, Frandon Road.
GRANTHAM.—Mr. W. H. Duggan, 21, Rugby Cottages.
HAWOOD BY LANARK.—Mrs. H Dunn, Moss Cottage.
HARROWBY, GRANTHAM.—Mrs. M. M. Bellamy, Castlegate Road.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. Kinman, 23, Bisley Street.
HEATH HAYES, Nr. CANNOCK, STAFFS.—Mrs. A. Wynne, 180, Hednesford Road.
DENTON, Nr. MANCHESTER.—Mrs. R. A. Wilson, 9, Beerton Street.
PLUMSTEAD.—Mrs. L. Page, 5, Southland Road, King's Highway.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. J. Kaths, 3/313, Hospital Street.
ABERYSTWYG.—Mr. J. Long, 10, Walter Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. Stindall, 83, Blossom Street, Ancoats.
LANCASTER.—Mrs. S. Brotherton, 59, St. Leonardsgate.
SMALL HEATH.—Mrs. E. E. Woodfield, 54, Fourth Avenue.
PLATT BRIDGE, Nr. WIGAN.—Mrs. H. Ashcroft, 10, Albion Street.
SMALL HEATH.—Mrs. E. Hill, 22, St. Oswald's Road.

STORM & FLOOD—Up to £300

ALLERTON RIVWATER, Nr. CASTLEFORD.—Mr. H. Westbury, 34, Main Street.
NORTHAMPTON.—Mr. C. Spear, 1, Spencer Street.
LEEDS.—Mr. A. Fleet, 3, Lout Place.
PELAW, Co. DURHAM.—Mr. R. W. Depiter, 7, Front Street.
KINGSTON, WARWICK.—Mr. G. T. Russell, 23, Clarence Street.
TOPSHAM, Nr. EXETER.—Mrs. M. Starr, Butcher's Cottages.
HEYWOOD, LANCS.—Mr. C. W. Pragnell, 12, Castle Street.
GELLI, RHONDDA VALLEY.—Mr. N. T Davies, Tydvil House, Ardwyn Terrace.

Many names unavoidably omitted owing to lack of space.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Total Benefits Paid exceed 20,000

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address.....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/4/26.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address.....
.....
Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address.....
Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/4/26.

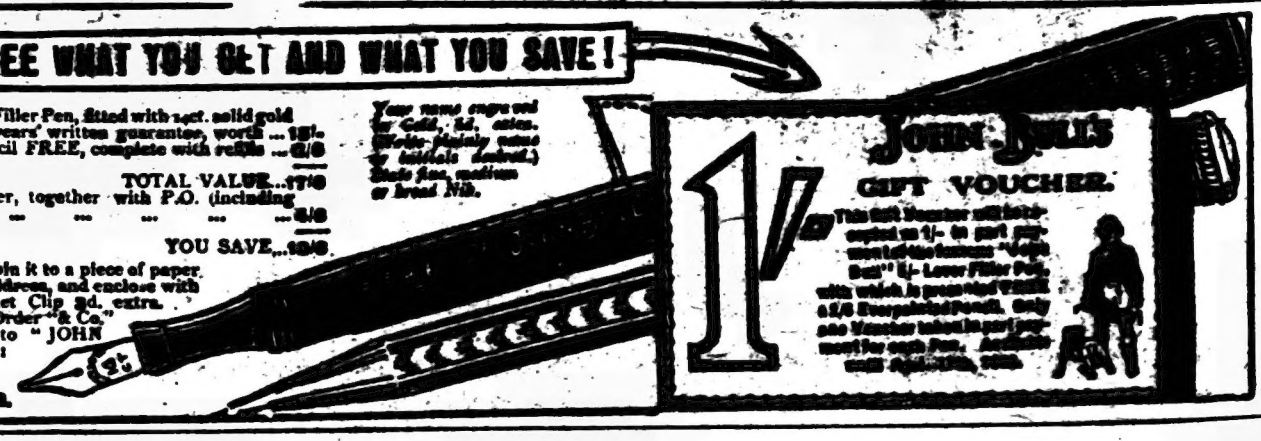
JOHN BULL'S GREAT EASTER GIFT OFFER

SEE WHAT YOU GET AND WHAT YOU SAVE!

"JOHN BULL" Lever Filler Pen, fitted with 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, 5 years' written guarantee, worth ... 15/-
"Everpointed" Pencil FREE, complete with refills ... 6/6
TOTAL VALUE...17/6
You send Gift Voucher, together with P.O. (including Postage) for 4/6
YOU SAVE...13/6

Cut out Gift Voucher, pin it to a piece of paper, with your name and address, and enclose with P.O. for 4/6. Pocket Clip 3d. extra. Cross Cheque, Postal Order "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL." Address: "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

Your name engraved in Gold, 6d. extra. (Write plainly name to be engraved.) State fine, medium or broad Nib.



'No friends like Old friends'

PLAYER'S

IN PACKETS OF 10 AND 20 IN BOXES OF 50 AND 100

P.1274A

The above Advertisement first appeared in 1902. To quote a famous Statesman of that day: "What we have said, we have said."

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE FOR BARGAIN-HUNTERS

1/- ONLY

Secure To-day WORLD'S FINEST WATCH BARGAIN for 1/- only

For only 1/- to-day and promise to pay balance by easy payments, we send this beautifully finished Lady's Solid Silver Hall-marked Wristlet Watch, complete with Moiré band and Silver fittings, as shown. This handsome Watch is one you will be proud to wear. Thoroughly reliable time-keeper; accurately adjusted; guaranteed 5 years; beautifully finished. Latest London fashion showing very good taste. Price only 21/- Sent immediately on receipt of 1/- deposit, and cash refunded if not entirely satisfied. Send 1/- to-day to: WM. HOWITT & CO., LTD. (Dept. J.), 8, New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

Wear while you pay!

FLOOR COVERINGS

Thicker than Cork Lino. Damp proof. Rotproof and Sanitary. Suitable for Wood, Stone, Brick & Concrete Floors. Lies flat without any fastening.

2/ per sq. yard. Carr. Paid to your door.

SEND NOW FOR FREE SAMPLES.

Also Special Rug List containing many Wonderful Bargains.

CHAS. JONES & SON (Dept. J.B.), 82, TOWER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

1/6 WEEKLY FREE RECORD OFFER

My free lists only want seeing, and you will not buy elsewhere. Small deposit gets any horn or hornless model by return on 14 Days' Approval. Peak of Free and Carriage Paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write for free lists. I am one of the oldest advertisers in this paper.

WRITE FOR LISTS

Ed. O'Brien IN 34 COVENTRY.

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Celebrated SPARE TIME AGENCY CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Coats and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Watches, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Also to regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

"Say you saw it in 'JOHN BULL.'"

JOHN BULL

Advertisers give Satisfaction —I Guarantee it!

TAKE me at my word and support the Advertisers in your favourite weekly.

(Continued from page 39)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

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FOLLOWING HORSES—FEEDS JARGE, STARVES GEORGE.
Mrs. R. CARTER, 42, West End, Witney, Oxon.
UPSETTING—SHIPPING'S "ONE WAY TRAFFIC." (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
J. St. CLAIR, c/o Brunton, 31, Broughton Street, Edinburgh.
WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAW—*Related* WITH CLOSED EYES.
J. R. GEORGE, 60, Claude Road, Cardiff.
WITH A CHUCKLE—MODERN SCHOOLBOY CONCOCTS HOWLER.
Mrs. J. D. HILL, Chantry Bungalow, Chilton Sudbury, Suffolk.
POSSIBLY—THERE'S PEACE *in* EARTH.
H. J. JONES, 4, Fen Street, London, E.
HEARD IN THE BUS—"No—YOU STOOD TEA!"
T. JONES, 5, Park Road, Wood Lane, Hucknall, Notts.
MY INCOME—JOAN'S—BUT LABELLED "JONES."
J. McDIARMID, Corriegien, Aberfoyle, by Stirling.
UPSETTING—BECOMING A *Word* SWALLOWER.
T. MERCHANT, 128, Thames Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield.
UPSETTING—IF WOMEN BOX, WAIST-LINE.
W. L. PEET, 144, Oxford Road, Reading.
HARD LINES—"BLIND" BEGGAR—PURSE—POLICEMAN.

100 £1 Prize-winners:

G. W. Appleby, 131, Acre Rd., Middleton, Leeds.
Mrs. E. Barnes, 27, Devon Rd., Easton, Bristol.
W. Beale, 15, West Buildings, Worthing.
Mrs. G. Beeton, 39, Brynland Av., Bristol.
Mrs. W. Bennett, 34, Duke St., Bamber Bridge.
W. Bennett, 34, Moor Lane, Rowley Regis, Staffs.
G. Berson, 31, Heath Street, Golborne, Warrington
Miss C. Betty, "Royal Exchange," Southampton.
Mrs. C. Blackman, 60a, Gladstone Pl., Brighton.
R. Bonar, 69, Foyle Rd., Londonderry.
J. W. Booth, L./Sgt., Depot Lincoln Regt., Lincoln.
J. Bowyer, 60, St. Marks Rd., Henley-on-Thames.
H. Brewer, 79, Dorchester Rd., Weymouth.
W. J. Bull, 2, Somerset Terr., Beaufort, Mon.
G. Byrom, 1, Dorning St., Tyldesley, M/c.
A. Chant, 7, Garrison St., Scunthorpe, Lincs.
W. Clemens, 78, Pemberton St., Dewsbury Rd., Leeds
D. Condron, 80, Treharris St., Roath, Cardiff.
C. E. Coll, 13, Brade St., Cromma, Southport.
J. Dabriel, 11, Aberdeen Rd., Highbury, N.
A. E. Dare, 54, Widgery Rd., Exeter.
S. W. Dreweatt, 174, Monkton, Nr. Swindon, Wilts.
W. J. Eales, 9, Clarence Gdns., Blackhill.
T. Eaves, 209, Eaves Lane, Chorley, Lancs.
H. S. Edmonds, 22, Thorold St., Boston, Lincs.
A. Edwards, 65, Dale St., Crosby, Scunthorpe.
Mrs. C. V. Evans, Church Rd., Cinderford, Glos.
H. Finch, 33, Reading Rd., Brighton.
E. Fisher, 17, Netherwood St., Hampstead, N.W
F. Fisk, 17, Alford Grove, Sprowston, Norwich.
W. Fowler, 57, Shinnrig Rd., Nelson, Cardiff.
Mrs. Garbett, 202, St. Andrews Rd., Small Heath.
R. Garratt, 17, St. Stephens Rd., Leicester.
W. Gilston, 167, Solway View, Moss Bay, Workington.
D. W. Gourlay, 1, Mover Cres., Kirkcaldy, N.B.
H. Grieyer, "Woodvale," Vimery Rd., Southampton.
T. Guest, 30, Charendon Sq., Leamington.
H. Gulbenkian, 85, Birch St., West Gorton, M/c.
H. Garner, 14, Bath Pl., Taunton, Som.
P. W. Hacon, 5, Stanley Park, Easton, Bristol.
G. A. Hall, 10a, Balfour Rd., South Norwood, S.E.
Mrs. S. J. Harris, Field Lane, Alvaston, Derby.
H. Hastings, 201, Thornton Rd., Thornton Heath.
G. Hawkenwood, 29, Hagley St., Halesowen, B'ham.
H. G. Heath, 63, Lawrence St., Northampton.
J. Herbert, 75a, Princess May Rd., Stoke Newington.
L. John, 71, Amesbury Av., Streatham Hill, S.W.
Mrs. Julsber, Silverdale, Newcombe Pk., Mill Hill.
Mrs. Kennedy, 117, County Rd., Walton, L'pool
B. Kershaw, Rocky Bank, Waddington, Nr. Clitheroe
J. Kilpatrick, 45, South St., Perth, N.B.
T. Laycock, 10, Elm Pl., Blackburn, Lancs.
Miss M. Litherland, 19, Snowdon Rd., Forlee, M/c.
T. Logan, c/o Scotland, 32, Steven St., Glasgow.
H. Mackay, Church End, Dumess, By Lairg, N.B.
J. Mann, 102, Emmanuel Rd., Hastings.
T. Marsden, "Norford," Railway Rd., Darwen, Lancs.
J. Mayman, 89, Beech St., Preston, Lancs.
J. McHugh, 16, Murray St., Maryhill, Glasgow.
W. J. McKavanagh, 65, Forfar St., Belfast.
N. McPherson, 14, Church St., Cantridge, N.B.
O. Moncur, 408, Beverley Rd., Hull.
W. Myrie, 46, Mackie Av., Port Glasgow.
H. Needham, 122, St. Anne St., Chester.
J. Needham, 24, Bennett's Lane, Bolton, Lancs
W. Nelson, 6 Dene Av., Leamington-on-Tyne.
J. W. Patteson, 128, Grafton St., Grimsby, Lincs.
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C. G. Pitt, 21, South St., Yeovil, Som.
Mrs. A. E. Reader, 94, Sleath's Yd., Bedworth
F. Redfearn, 13, Bethel St., Friendly, Ovenden.
W. H. Richards, Carnsthick Cottage, Fowey.
W. Richman, 38, Phelps St., Chesthorpes, Lincs.
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Mrs. I. Saunders, 1, Catherine St., W. Hartlepool.
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D. Simm, 45, Holmedell Rd., St. Annes-on-Sea.
J. C. Squires, 22, Treadway St., London, E.
E. Simpson, Chester Rd., Brownhills, nr. Walsall.
A. Starkey, 25 South Farm Rd. Worthing.
J. Stephens, 19, Shoebury Rd., London, E.
J. Stewart, 721, Maryhill Rd., Glasgow.
F. W. Street, Sussex House, Pevensey Bay, Sussex.
W. Suttie, c/o Taylor, Cross Lane, Haddington.
Miss L. Taylor, 21, Jolliffe St., L'pool.
D. B. Thomson, 30, Old Dalmarnock Rd., Glasgow.
J. Thompson, 4, Clark's Yd., Hungate, York.
S. J. Tozer, 7A, Franchecourt Rd., Tooting, S.W.
Miss H. Voss, 12, Daisyfield, Horwich, Bolton.
E. Walden, 3, Horse Close, Carshalton, Surrey.
F. Ward, 10, Welton Pl., Hyde Park, Leeds.
F. Ward, "Bell's," Newland, Coleford, Glos.
H. White, 3, Tonrefail Pant, Dowlais, Glam.
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D. Williams, 14, College Row, Ystradgynlais.
J. Wright, Blacksmith, Welcy, Hinckley, Leics.
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You can have the finest cycle built—a "CAPTAIN" sent PACKED FREE and CARRIAGE PAID on 14 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL, for small deposit only. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Lifelong Guarantee. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS of 1926 models and LOW 2 6/7 TERMS. WRITE NOW.

19 WEEKLY

H. FITZPATRICK 52, Captain Wm., Burnley

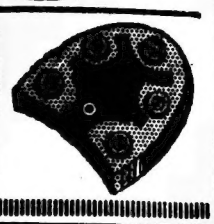
You can have a Baby Car for 2/6 DEPOSIT

Order YOUR Baby Car direct from factory at WHOLESALE price—and save shop profits. You only pay 2/6 till you have used the Car ONE MONTH. 12 New and exquisitely designed models, in ART colours, to choose from. Packed Free. Carriage Paid. 10 Days' Free Trial. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write To-DAY for big illustrated catalogue.

Mead CYCLE CO. Inc. (Dept. P.32) Birmingham

Unequalled for Comfort, Durability and Economy.

Ladies' 1/- pair. Men's 1/6 pair. *of all Bootmen.*



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"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

TESTED JB

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Proprietors of "John Bull."

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Wood, Iron and Asbestos Buildings of every description

Greenhouses, from £6 10s. Bungalows, from £32 15s. Motor Houses, from £6 15s. Heating Apparatus, from £5. Poultry Houses, from £2 6.

T. BATH & CO., Ltd., Savoy St., London, W.C.

POUNDS REDUCTION ON EVERY BIKE

MY NEW LISTS show astonishing reductions in prices of Coventry's best bikes. Small deposit gets any model on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE LISTS showing biggest and best selection of bikes

Ed. O'Brien IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, DEPT. 9, COVENTRY.

2/6 WEEKLY

"CLUB BLACK" ENAMEL.

For all Household Uses, Cycles, Motors, etc.

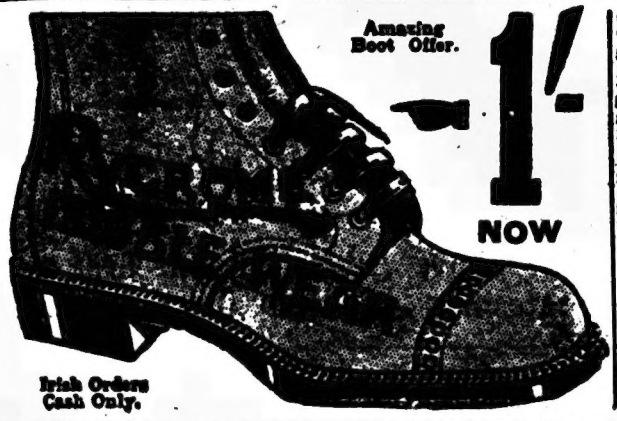
DRIES IN 20 MINUTES.

In two sizes, 6d. and 1/-

From all Ironmongers, Stores, Cycle Agents and Garages, or direct from:—

SILICO ENAMEL CO., *Warton Road, Stratford E*

Amazing Boot Offer.



1/- NOW

Irish Orders Cash Only.

SPECIAL OFFER

OF RYCROME-SOLED BOOTS

Rycrome leather soles are waterproof, wear twice as long as ordinary leather, and give you double value for your money. We offer these Rycrome Double Wear Soled Boots in Black or Tan, price 25/-, on easy terms you can afford to pay—1/- now, 2/- in ten days, and 6/- monthly and you have the boots to wear while paying your monthly instalments. Give these wonderful Rycrome boots a trial. Send 1/- (P.O. or stamps) and say what size we shall send you. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. *Price List Free.*

MASTERS Ltd.
33, Hope Stores, RYE.

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PEACH'S CURTAINS, 1926 Catalogue Free. New Ideas Window Fabrics. Sunfast Nets, Muslins, Casements, Cretonnes, Blinds, Linens. —S. PEACH & SONS, 141, The Looms, Nottingham

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PORTABLE COPPERS, new, from 25/- each. Carriage paid. Many patterns, list free.—B. Sage, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

YOURS for 15/- down and five monthly payments Big, cosy "Berkeley" Chair.—Write for patterns, free from J. J. Searle & Sons (Dept. J.B.), 70/78, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.1.

FREE particulars to the 2.25 h.p. ROYAL ENFIELD MOTOR-CYCLE and other machines will be sent if you ask for List "D.2." See advt. on page 7.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

Your best pal's best pals

SPRATTS

MEAT - FIBRINE

DOG CAKES

& PUPPY BISCUITS

"FAMED FOR WORTH AROUND THE EARTH"

Look always for the name Spratts on the bags, and see that every biscuit bears the trade mark X. It is your only guarantee of a quality that has never been surpassed—that will never be equalled.

Write for free booklet, "The Dog," to

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 24/5, Fenchurch St., London

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Watson's Warehouse, 49, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints, Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 5, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

WONDERFUL VALUE for shopkeepers and beginners in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illus. Cat. Free.—S. Moseo, Dept. J.B., 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 68, Houndsditch, E.1.

MAKE THESE PROFITS YOURS.—Sell Nicso Safety Razor Blades—the keen blade at a keen price.—Apply on letterhead for free sample blade and terms.—Nicso Co., 17, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

AUTOMATIC Fruit Amusement Machine, latest mod. Price £35, which has been earned in a week. Wonderful money maker.—B. Samson, Dean Street, S.C.4. 'Phone: Cent. 2601.

AGENTS WANTED.

"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advert. page 4.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a blanket club amongst friends. No outlay. Send for particulars.—Carlish Mills Co., Dept. 11, Barnsley, Lecds.

AGENTS wanted to sell Baby Cars; commission up to 30 per cent.; cash or credit; 50 fine models.—Apply, Heritage Peters Advtg. Service, Midland Bank Chambers, Coventry.

SPARE-TIME Agents required in all towns and villages for the sale of Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Clothing, Boots, Draperies, Cycles, grams, etc., on cash and C.O.D. terms. Large supply of samples and highest commission; the finest spare-time investment a working man can have. Those in regular work write for particulars to Dunn and Co., Ltd., 10 Northumberland Street, 11-13, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. (Established over 100 years.)

EMPLOYMENT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for Prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 193, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com. —J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN—Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics, and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train You for a well-paid job, the best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

£150 £300 salary for Certified Bookkeepers. Postal Tuition, 10/- mthly. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, Testim., Prize Scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D9), 99, New Oxford St.eet, London.

THE definite offer of a position as Selling Representative is guaranteed for every successful student of FIVE WEEKS' training in Salesmanship. Tuition includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS, and we have a waiting list of employers. Call or write for full particulars. —SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, Kingsway, London, W.C.2; and at Manchester and Glasgow.

ROYAL MARINES.—BE A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR TOO.—Young Men are required for enlistment in the Royal Marines. Age 17 to 23 years. Good pay. All found. Excellent chances of promotion.—Apply by letter to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 55, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; Papers covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London. 'Phone: City 842.

BUILD YOUR OWN BUSINESS without Buying Stock. Write for booklet.—Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Read and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

THE GRAVES GRAMOPHONE is the World's Greatest Gramophone Bargain. Made entirely in the Graves Gramophone Works. Easy payments. Catlg. free.—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

GUNS, Rifles, Pistols, Cartridges, Fishing Tackle. Several Bargains—Low prices. List free. —Webster (J.B.), 41, Newington Butts, S.E.11.

LOOK. GOVERNMENT GOODS.—Army Boots, 10/6, 12/6; Socks, 1/3; Cord Breeches, 10/6, 12/6; Leggings, 4/6, 7/6; Grey Shirts, 6/-; Oilskin Suits, 12/6, 21/-; Leather Waistcoats, 6/-; various Capes; Horse Loin-cloths, 5/6; Rubber Boots, all Kinds; Blankets, 4/6; Rubber Sheets (new), 5 x 3, 6/-; Overcoats, 14/6; Waterproof Covers, any size, 1/3 sq. yd., made up. Carriage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—GARSON & SONS, Rye. Est. 126 years.

CARNIVAL Goods, Balloons for Dances, etc., Advert. Balloons. Lowest prices. Lists free.—"Uneedus," 109, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS direct, from 3d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

WALLPAPERS Direct.—125 Patts. From 3d. roll. Free sample book.—St Andrew's Wallpaper Co., Dept. 211, St. Andrew's Sq., Glasgow.

INVALID TRICYCLES and Bath Chairs from 70/-. C.rr. Paid on approv. Cash or terms. Illus. Cat. Free.—R. A. Harding, Newtown, Trowbridge, Wilts.

ELDHOLME SPECIALITIES.

Wallpapers. Paints, Enamels and Distemper. Wallpapers from 2½d. per roll. Distemper 7 lb. 4/-. Decorative Ready Mixed Paint, 7 lb. 4/-. White Enamel; Eldholme 3/9 pint, 6/6 quarts. Utiline 2/6 pints, 4/- quarts. Pattern Book and Shade Cards free on request.—H. T. Eldridge & Co., 569, High Rd., Tottenham, N.17.

BABY'S LONGCLOTHES LAYETTE. All necessary garments. New. Perfectly made. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exceptional bargain. 29/6, everything.—Mrs. Hunter (Dept. J.), Bournemouth.

WEAR BURLINGTON SHOES! Made by Freeman, Hardy and Willis, who have over 500 shops. If you wish, first send postcard for free catalogue.—Address, Freeman, Hardy & Willis, 10c, Rutland Street, Leicester

LOOK!—To advertise my future bargains. A Genuine Gillette razor and dozen blades to fit for 2s., post free. Guaranteed new. Only one each applicant.—Roger, Job and Bankrupt Stock Buyer, East India Dock Road, London

LADDERS, extg. 29 ft., 60/-; 19 ft., 40/-. Hardwood rungs. Suit all trades. Dis. trade. Eldred Ladder Co., Nelson St. Works, Southend, Essex

MARKETING BY POST.

WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY.—For 10/- note, cheque or P.O. I will send plain pcl. of 1 quarter bottle excellent Scotch Whisky, 20 u.p.; 2 quarter bottles good Port; 1 quarter bottle Fine Old Sherry.—Albert Cowling, Wine Merchant, Bradford. Est. 1860.

SEED POTATOES.—Full Catalogue of 642 varieties of Guaranteed Seed Potatoes, Peas, Beans, Vegetables and Flower Seeds, Gladioli Bulbs upon application. Mention John Bull.—William Murfitt, (2) Chatteris, Cambridgeshire.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES 27/6, motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Cross, Scott Street, London, E.C.2.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Jazz Outfits, Banjos, Accordions, Ukuleles, List Free.—Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

WIRELESS.

CRYSTAL SET, sloping oak cabinet, enclosed crystal, Daventry coil, one pair English headphones, 31/-, post free.—H. Freeman, Webheath, Redditch.

WIRELESS SETS and Parts on approval; cash refunded if dissat. Panels, Cabinets, etc., lists. Buy direct.—J. B. Factory, Somerton, Somerset.

WIRELESS.—Renewable H.T. Batteries for immediate use. British made. Tested and guaranteed. 60 v., 9/-; 108 v., 16/-; carriage. Postage free, C.O.D. Refills, 6d. each.—W. Brown, 21, Bowling Green Lane, E.C.1

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

MASSAGE as a Profession.—The Smae Institute offers tuition at most economical fees. Intelligent men and women are here offered access to the highest ranks of the profession, as the instruction covers all modern manipulative methods.—Write for details, 47, Smae Institute, Portsmouth.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Talking Parrots with cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr, Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

ELITE INCURATOR and Rearer Combined. 18 eggs, 14/6; 30, 18/6; 45, 22/6 complete. Carr. pd. List free.—H. M. Best, Dept. J.B., Brentford.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S PLANT CATALOGUE NOW READY.—Free to all readers. Please mention *John Bull* when writing. — DOBBIE AND CO., LTD., Edinburgh.

NETS.—For Gardens and Tennis Courts. Before ordering, send for our Free Lists and Samples; it will pay you.—GASSON & SONS, Net Works, Rye. Est. 127 years.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Kidyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RUPTURE.—Free Trial wonderful new scientific treatment. Instant relief. Stops truss torture. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, no need for restraint. Call or write now for booklet "A" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.P.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street. Works: Passy, Paris

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

RENEW your NERVE FORCE with a sensational Gland discovery—administered without injections—Harmless—Effective—Lasting. Sample Free, or Week's Supply 5/- (give sex and particulars).—J. B. LABORATORIES, 15, Chestnut Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.27.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES.—To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength, and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER WEAKNESS quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/- bot., at Boots' or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James Street, Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately. 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 25), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

STAMMERING.—Why Stammerers fail. Write now for inspiring 36-page booklet, free.—Lee Warring, Dale Avenue, Bispham, Blackpool.

SAMPLE PINT Sativa Cure, for Backache, Gravel, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dizziness, Wind, 4d. stamps.—T. Wilson, 518, Man. Rd., Bradford, Yorks.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ABSOLUTELY TOP Prices paid for jewellery, gold, silver, etc. No quantity too small. Post or call.—Bensons, 218 Piccadilly, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewelery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

SECTO KILLS beetles, bugs, fleas, moths, green-fly, and all other insects. Get it from your Chemist —"SECTO," The Sure Killer.

SMOKING more enjoyable, healthy and economical. KARAH, Finest Herbal and Smoking Mixture, Cigarettes. No nicotine. Not injurious health. Mixture 4-oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/9, 16 oz. 5/4. Cigarettes, 20 9d., Box-de-Luxe, 50 1/3, 100 2/3. Post fr.—Karah Co., Collyweston, Stamford.

REVIVAL OF WHITE SLAVERY.—Girl victim's ghastly ordeal. Read T. Bowen Partington's terrible warning in this week's "Health and Strength," 3d., all newsagents, or 4d. post free from J. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

FREE TRIAL OFFER.—Mention *John Bull* and send 3d. in stamps to cover postage, and receive a de-luxe sample outfit of Tokalon Beauty Preparations.—Address, Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. S), 212, 214, Gt. Portland St., London, W.1.

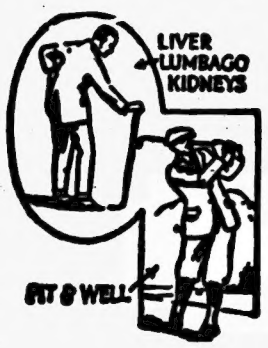
"SONG WRITING For Profit." Inside secrets by well-known composers. Money-making book, 2/6.—Fan. Smith & Co., Ltd., 19, Bow St., W.C.2.

TWO Minutes' Work!—Cut out panel in Gibbs' Shaving Cream Advertisement on page 29, and send for Trial Tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream or stick of Gibbs' shaving soap. Mention *John Bull*.

£1,000 for 1/- and over 90 other Money Prizes! Enter the Willesden Hospital Ballot to-day. Tickets 1/- each each. Book of 12 for 10/-. You may be a fortunate winner. Read advt. on page 23.

Yeast is life!

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets
A Lightning Pick-me-up.



THE greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

IRVING'S *YEAST-VITE* TABLETS will relieve:—

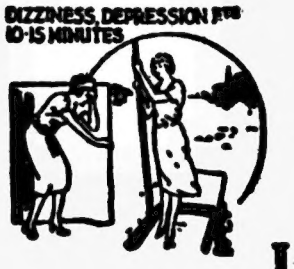
Headache, Neuralgia, etc. ...	in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence ...	in 5 to 10 minutes
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression	in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc.	in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Cold, Fever	in 24 hours.

Our Guarantee · Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly, post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received over 30,000 letters from satisfied users in less than two years which are open to inspection.

CAUTION.—Avoid rank imitations which have no therapeutic value and are unstamped. All genuine Irving's Yeast-Vite Tablets are always sealed with Government stamps.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA ETC IN 5 MINUTES.



24111—Mr. B. S. R. N., C.S., M.M.G.:—Up to the present Yeast-Vite tablets have never failed. I have given them in cases where all other remedies have failed. Many of my patients would not be without them.

24118—Dr. T. V. N.:—I am not guilty of the slightest exaggeration when I tell you that results from Yeast-Vite were simply astonishing. Severe cases of asthenia (General Weakness). Kindly send supplies to the four hospitals mentioned herewith.

24372—The Yeast-Vite tablets were a godsend. I have been in agony for a week, but one dose stopped the pain and I am able to get about again.

26167—I am a Hospital Sister, but owing to my health I am unable to carry on my duties. Yeast-Vite has done me considerable good. I have gained 5 lbs. in a few weeks.

17013—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."

18224—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."

25333—I thought you might be interested in results of my tests. Two influenza cases quickly cured. Tem. 104 brought to normal in 12 hours. Several headache patients—pain disappeared almost instantly.

25334—I have suffered for years with anæmia, nerves and terrible coughs. Thanks to Yeast-Vite, this is the first winter for years that I have not been laid up. I am afraid to be without them.

25338—For 18 years I have suffered terribly with my head and had to give up work. On recommendation I tried Yeast-Vite and am now back at work and never felt better.

23741—I shall feel eternally grateful to you for enabling me to regain my health and I shall never be without Yeast-Vite in the house. I recommended them to six friends last week.

21987—Thanks for your confidential medical advice. The boils have now entirely disappeared.

22103—Kindly send a further supply. I have tried Yeast-Vite amongst certain of my patients, and in several cases they proved quite beneficial. I have great faith in their possibilities.

21007—Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better.

20574—I heartily endorse all your claims. Yeast-Vite tablets are marvellous! I can now eat cheese, pickles, pastry or anything I fancy, and am enjoying relief from dietetic slavery.

22372—Nurse A. L.: I was ready to go into hospital for gastric ulcer. The pain nearly drove me mad. Medicine made it worse, but Yeast-Vite stopped the pain in less than 10 minutes! They are perfectly wonderful. I recommend them to everybody!

21113—A matron of the Girls' Training Homes: I have found the tablets efficacious. I have also tested them thoroughly myself, and have been surprised to prove them to be such a real "lightning pick-me-up." I shall always have them by me in future.

20643—I have suffered from indigestion for eight years. The pain at times almost killed me, and I could not eat, sleep, or do anything. After taking only four tablets the pains disappeared, and I have had no discomfort since.

22164—I am already feeling the benefit of Yeast-Vite although there is still some sugar; but I am not so fatigued, and the muscular rheumatism has gone entirely. I am resting better at night.

21062—Mother was so run down, nervous and depressed following the death of father, and an attack of influenza left her in a collapsed state with neuralgia. The effect of the very first box of Yeast-Vite was simply marvellous.

23024—I am now entirely free from boils, the first time in two years.

21834—I was miserable, irritable and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this and let the public know how much good they have done me.

19997—I have suffered with stomach trouble for years, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am entirely cured. I have recommended them to many friends, and they all speak highly of them.

19387—Leading London Hospital (Secretary): After a careful test we find Yeast-Vite as claimed and very satisfactory. We are now quite willing to purchase supplies.

12666—Diocesan for Befriending Girls: I am using them for my girls with great success. One very delicate girl gained 4 lb. in one week. I find them an excellent tonic.

1723—Am pleased to say that three of my friends have benefited as much as I, since I recommended them.

13501—Rev. J. P.: I was led by a fellow-sufferer to try them, and have received considerable benefit.

1001—I think them splendid and will certainly recommend them to all I know.

10666—We develop colds so quickly that the tablets are the only cure we have found.

1123—I am a hospital trained nurse, very anæmic. The tablets have done me a lot of good and improved me some pounds already.

10030—Send by return post as I cannot be without them. I suffer so much with indigestion that they relieve me immediately.

17613—I have spent a small "fortune" on "cures" for my indigestion, biliousness, bad breath and pimples, but after a week's treatment I am already feeling a different man.

1737—I have suffered for years with severe indigestion. Yeast-Vite is the only thing that has ever given me relief.

15672—Being full of wind, heartburn, and acidity, I often had to vomit. I now enjoy my food and life itself. No words of mine can adequately explain the merits of Yeast Vite.

14777—The effect on me has been simply wonderful, both physical and mental.

10792—My sister is so limp without them. I will be thankful to see the tablets arrive.

10706—They have increased my son's weight 8 lb. and improved his nervous system generally.

987—Such a splendid tonic. I shall recommend them on account of the great improvement in my health.

FREE TREATISE

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc. Mention "John Bull."

1870 JB

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,

"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

There's nothing like an Excelsior for pleasurable, trouble-free riding. Send to-day for Catalogue. Solo Machines subjected to 10/- extra. Sidecar Outfits 15/- extra, to cover increased cost of tyres.

The Excelsior

MOTOR CO., LTD., TYSELEY, BIRMINGHAM.

Don't strain your throat

If you smoke cigarettes roll them yourself with fresh tobacco and

ZIG-ZAG

CIGARETTE PAPERS

BABY CARS from 52/6

Direct from Factory. On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID. Retail Profits Saved. Cash or Easy Terms. Send now for Free Art Catalogue.

GODIVA CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. 86) COVENTRY.

All trade advertisements in JOHN BULL are guaranteed. Readers need never hesitate to reply to advertisers' announcements, because if satisfaction is not obtained JOHN BULL will endeavour to put matters right.

See Guarantee on page 4.

The Completed Puzzle

B	R	E	A	K	E	R		C	A	N	V	A	S	S
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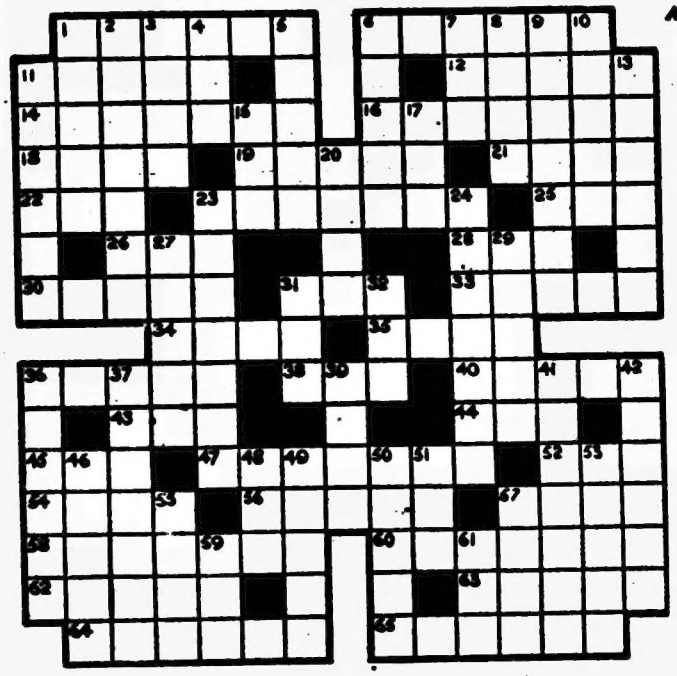
Solution to the Cross-word puzzle published in our last issue.

Our Cross-word Corner

A Hot Cross—Word



ACROSS CLUES

1. Endeavoured.
6. Scanty.
11. To clip.
12. Character in the opera "Valkyries."
14. Horse equipment.
16. Culture of land.
18. Copied.
19. Heathenish.
21. Lively tune.
22. Lodge of a beast.
23. Kind of pepper.
25. Free of deductions.
26. A hint.
28. Famous author.
30. Reside.
31. Part of a circle.
33. Offspring.
34. Obstruct.
35. Against.
36. A Chinese tea.
38. Deed.
40. Protection.
43. Stray
44. Before.
45. Mountain.
47. Sunday.
52. Grandma.
54. Washing material.
56. Unwilling.
57. Edges.
58. Completely.
60. One that has a legacy.
62. Venom
63. Separate.
64. A plan.
65. Artfully.

DOWN CLUES

1. Pattern.
2. An Irish Christian name.
3. District of S. Africa.
4. Crude metal.
5. To attempt.
6. The devil.
7. Boring tool.
8. Kind of bread.
9. Suburb on Thames.
10. Bird of prey.
11. Screened.
13. A stinging weed.
15. Health resort.
17. Refreshment house.
20. Tackle.
23. Underground rooms.
24. A monumental inscription.
27. A sore.
29. Kind of willow.
31. A Khan of that name.
32. Domestic animal.
36. Gusts.
37. Belonging to the liver.
39. One of W. Indies.
41. Pertaining to generation.
42. Lighting-up time.
46. Nooses.
48. Everything.
49. Irish river.
50. Collection of maps.
51. Definite article.
53. Surname of Dominion Secretary.
55. Course.
57. Transported in ecstasy
59. Sheltered side.
61. To prate.

ECZEMA RASHES PIMPLES

Spring Eruptions

YOUR safest and most certain remedy for the treatment of eczema, rashes, Spring pimples, eruptions, irritation, spreading sores, etc., is this herbal Zam-Buk.

This famous herbal balm gets to the very root of the trouble. It quickly draws out bad matter, allays inflammation, soothes itching and pain, and grows new healthy skin. Even obstinate cases of ulcers, piles and poisoned sores that have defied ordinary treatment yield to Zam-Buk.

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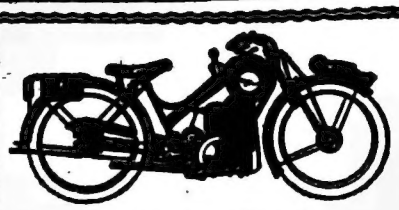

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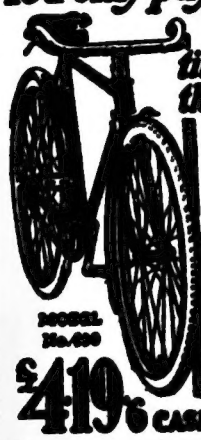

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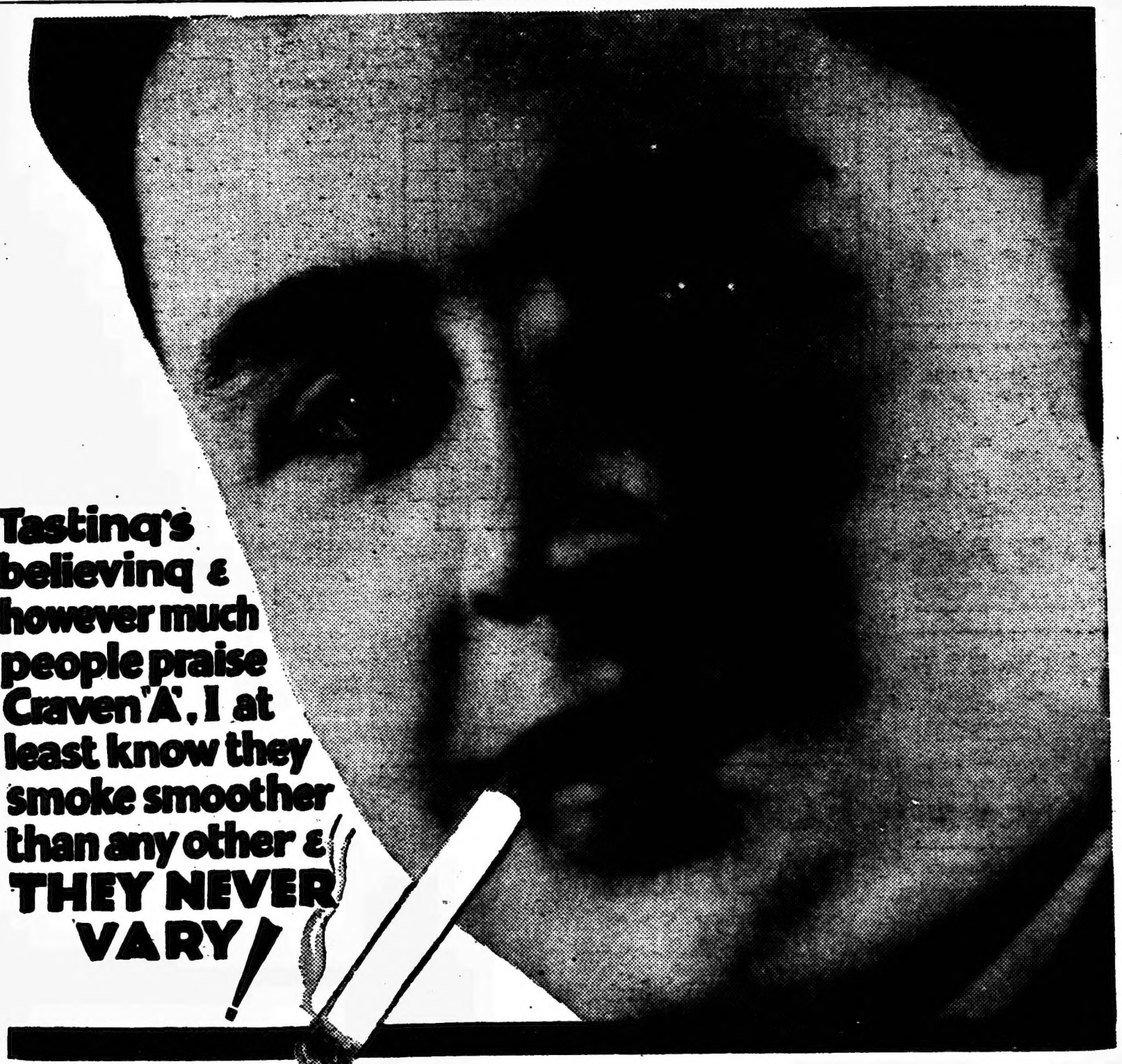
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Week ending Saturday, April 8, 1926. Twopence. Vol. XXXIX. No. 1,036.

JOHN BULL

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The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Paying for It.

A short Easter recess and then the Budget. M.P.s will not get the long holidays which last year discredited House and Government. Had Ministers gripped the obvious situation a year ago there would have been no coal crisis now.

No Confidence in Austen.

The Government majority, of course, easily saved Ministers from a direct vote of censure on the Geneva mess. But it was certainly not a vote of confidence in Sir Austen.

The Failure.

Polished phrases did nothing to lessen the disaster at Geneva. The meeting was called for the sole purpose of admitting Germany to the League. It failed, and Chamberlain can't shift his share of the blame.

Baldwin's Hint.

The Prime Minister has indicated that the Foreign Secretary is exhausted by his efforts. It's a polite way of putting it. Also it provides a good excuse for giving Sir Austen a restful time in the Lords.

A Step Forward.

The Government's definite undertaking to introduce a Factories Bill this session is good news. It is a belated move, but Mr. Baldwin is sincere in his desire to mend matters and we shall not complain.

Two Failures.

A Cabinet reshuffle is inevitable. Like Sir Austen, Winston is unfitted for his job. The former is well-meaning but dull, and Winston's long association with the spending departments renders him hopeless as Chancellor.

The Straight Way.

The one way in which this country could save money wisely is on armaments. Instead plans are ready for raiding funds meant to help the needy. Devilry flourishes while humanity expires.

Not so Wild.

Let panic-mongers note the cautious good sense of the Trades Union Congress General Council, which has declared against its being given any further powers for "mass action." "Pacts" that drag people into war against their will are as dangerous for trade unions as for nations.

A Striking Fact—

By State guaranteed credits Germany has secured in Russia orders for many million pounds' worth of engineering products which first were sought in Britain.

—And Some More.

The poor earnings of our engineers are producing unrest. The best cure is livelier trade, and a wide market untapped save by a few enterprising firms is Russia.

The Truth about Reparations.

France is rapidly approaching the biggest of her crises. Before long her people will have to be told candidly that German reparations are a gilded myth. This cold douche of truth may cool the intermittent fever that has bedevilled the hopes of peace.

To the Good.

There is a saving this year on prisons of £23,926, and on reformatories of £32,113, compared with 1925 in England and Wales. Taken in conjunction with improvements in the prison system this is not bad news.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

Thousands of London school children are down with measles and diphtheria. From the provinces come similar reports. The seeds of disease are sown in overcrowding, and it is the innocent who suffer first.

Hints for Housewives.

Morning tea, hot baths, cheerful fires, easy cooking and quick work are possible in houses run by electricity. That's why Mr. Baldwin's scheme must win whole-hearted support from women. It's entirely in their interests.

Housing Again.

Due to the closing of the dockyard the transference of men from Rosyth to Plymouth has rendered the housing problem so intolerable that a petition is being presented to Parliament. As comment on the promises that won the last election it's tragic.

Labour's Charter.

The Washington Eight-Hour Convention is likely at last to succeed. Ratification means world-wide recognition of the fact that machines were made for men and not men for machines.

It's Sharp.

At the end of February, Smithfield quoted Uruguayan forequarters as low as 1s. 2d. per 8 lb. Instantly a startling shortage of frozen beef was announced. Stocks are restored from 2s. 4d. to 4s. 8d. per 8 lb. See the point?

The Foreign Yolk.

Half the eggs eaten in Wales are foreign. Note also that Merioneth's high death-rate and low birth-rate are attributed by a medical officer to bad diet. Wales has big sheep runs. Surely there is room for more hen runs.

A £500 Easter Egg!

Hurry up! Only a few days left to win a "Bullets" Easter Egg—100 offered this week. *See page 39.*

Men and Officers.

10,485 officers draw between them £2,859,600 in unemployment and retired pay. It's a fact to bear in mind when fixing the dole for Tommy and Jack. They also helped to "win the war."

Another Difference.

£10 a week is considered sufficient to keep a cadet at the Royal Military Academy; 35s. a week is considered sufficient to keep an unemployed man, his wife, and six children. No wonder we hear of "unrest."

Precept and Practice.

The Admiralty has 48 foreign-built motor-cars, the War Office 257, the Air Ministry 305 and the Ministry of Labour 7. Why cry "Buy British"?

Amazing!

During 1925, 381,703 alien passengers landed at our various ports. Of these 5,279 were admitted under Ministry of Labour permits. In other words, 5,279 British jobs went to aliens.

Good Business.

War lenders lent when the £1 stood at 8s. 9d. To-day it is being repaid with the £1 worth over 19s. That's why war is popular—with financiers.

Self-treatment Dangerous.

Veronal is at last to be brought within the scope of the Dangerous Drugs Act, which will limit its use for "nerves" and sleeplessness to doctor's prescriptions. If that had been done long ago many lives would have been saved.

Too-lenient Law.

Two fatal mining accidents have been traced to neglected inspection of the pits. Fines are no remedy for such murderous oversights. The law's bite should be sharper.

The Church's Duty.

Nine hundred clergymen, assembled in Manchester Cathedral, have been discussing "The World Problems of Christianity." And that is as far as it gets. Since the Armistice the world has been slithering to ruin without a single united protest from the Church.

"Furnished Room" Ramp.

With the example of the British Housewives' Association before them, single-room tenants should form a similar organisation to protect themselves from the rapacity of landlords who evade the Rent Act by buying some cheap linoleum, etc., and leasing basement boxes as "furnished apartments."

Bilk-O.

The latest proposal of the milk brigands is to prolong "winter" prices from April 5 to May 1. This is barefaced robbery of the public, for the London co-operative societies are reducing their prices on April 1.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Brighter Rays.

The best news from the colliery districts for many a day is that at the village of Ollerton, North Notts, miners' houses are being built with children's playgrounds at the back, equipped with sandpits, see-saws and swings. Bit by bit we are growing more civilised. The distant horizon is becoming brighter.

Robbing the Poor.

The direct and inevitable result of the Government's mean treatment of the unemployed is seen at Wigan, where in the past twelve months the guardians' expenditure on outdoor relief shows an increase of £6,300. Some part of this burden will fall on the shoulders of the poorest of the ratepayers. Robbing the rates to save the taxes is rank social injustice.

A Wicked Offence.

An electrician named Richard Butler, sentenced at the Marlborough Street Police Court to four months' hard labour for being in unlawful possession of a quantity of cocaine, was stated to have been selling this vile drug to its helpless victims at £25 an ounce. For such merciless trafficking in human degradation the lash would be not a bit too cruel.

Tackling a Madman.

At the age of sixty-three Edward Ward, a Forest of Dean tin-plater, showed pluck that many younger men might envy. While other people were running for assistance Ward risked his life in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with a razor-slashing lunatic. The madman's life was forfeited; but the memory of Ward's brave deed will live for many a day.

More Broken Pledges.

The shabby pilfering of Health Insurance funds proposed by Mr. Churchill in his Economy Bill is condemned by the executive committee of the National Conference of Friendly Societies as "a grave breach of faith and a violation of definite guarantees given when National Health Insurance was brought into being." This is strong language, but we consider it to be not a whit too severe.

Pinned Down to Slums.

Col. Harry Day, M.P., has rightly drawn the attention of the Minister of Health to the squalor of Southwark, where 8,769 families are penned in as many rooms, but the truth emerges that the poor cannot afford to pay the fares for getting to better accommodation farther from their work. At the same time railway companies complain of falling receipts. They need to improve their suburban traffic methods and lower fares, and then the solution of the housing problem will be in sight.

Aberdonian Tosh.

The doors of a dance-hall are akin to the gates of hell is the opinion of sixty ministers of Aberdeen, though the orchestral music rendered inside on a Sunday afternoon has the character of that rendered in their churches. The Rev. A. W. S. Forbes, one of the sixty, denounced it as "an influence for evil, extravagance, vice, and the breaking up of homes." He would have been more correct had he said, "An influence for good and a brighter Aberdeen."

Man of Many Jobs.

A Leyton man sells fish in the morning, posts bills for a kinema and fills in his afternoons and evenings as attendant at a picture palace. By working thus hard he earns 78s. a week. Those who stand for the one-man-one-job idea should raise wages in the kinema industry before condemning the man. In Essex recently a kinema offered a man 30s. a week to post bills in the morning and play in the orchestra in the afternoon and evening. Still, he could have seen the pictures for nothing!

The Village Well.

At Wokingham the village is served with a well of water so impure that the medical officer of health declares it to be absolutely the worst on record. That many of the residents live to a ripe old age is no excuse for the scandal. A higher standard of sanitation for villagers is long overdue.

A Cheeky Beggar.

A number of London residents have lately been pestered with letters from a supposed inmate of an asylum in Valencia, pleading for financial assistance towards recovering his liberty. The sturdy beggar's statement that he ought not to be in an asylum is one we can readily accept. His right place is in jail.

Aiding Crime.

We have no hope that spiritualism will help to solve the mystery surrounding the fate of Iris Watkins, the girl who some months ago vanished from her home in Monmouthshire. The plain moral of the episode is that in all such cases the aid of Scotland Yard should be immediately enlisted. The refusal of the local authorities even now to take this step is a scandal.

A Shameful Order.

"I am very old and poor," pleaded Mary Roberts at Andover Police Court when charged with non-payment of poor rate. The Bench made the usual order and advised Mary to appeal to the overseers to be excused on grounds of poverty. The people concerned must be entirely without heart. This poor old woman has reached the stricken years of one-hundred-and-two!

The Human Machine

Steps to Success

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT was my privilege, last week, to meet Mr. Alan Cobham, the intrepid airman, who has just completed a wonderful flight from London to Cape Town and back again.

To hear him talk no one would think he had achieved anything out of the ordinary. If I hadn't already known a good deal about the incredible daring of this man and his companions, the tremendous difficulties and dangers that had to be overcome, I should have been unimpressed.

It is the way of the brave man to be modest. The true adventurer, the man on fire with the pioneer spirit, never can see the real magnitude of his achievement.

But Mr. Cobham disclosed the real secret of success in two simple sentences. "We took no chances," he said. "We looked ahead and planned every detail of every day."

And, not perhaps realising the tremendous importance of his words, he added: "I enjoy it, I like it, and I don't care how long in the day I spend on the job."

Doesn't this go to the very root of success in any walk in life? Careful planning, realising the dangers and the difficulties that lie ahead and thinking out the ways and means of overcoming them—isn't this always the first step to victory?

And then enthusiasm for the job in hand, real solid love of the work on which we are engaged—isn't this the greatest driving force in the world?

THERE is another thing which Cobham didn't mention. Being the sort of man he is he would never dream of mentioning it. But someone else said it for him, and it is a motto that I commend to everybody.

"Good fortune is the companion of valour," remarked this gentleman. I pass on the thought to my readers. It is well worth passing on.

Shylock's Ramp.

"Why, in the name of heaven, did you go on paying these rates of interest?" asked Judge Head of a woman sued at Hull by a money-lender. For borrowing £1 she had paid 6s. a week interest and had paid her debt of £2 10s., in extortions, over and over again. The ignorance of the poor is their undoing. Judges, as Mr. Justice Head told this poor woman when ordering that proceedings should cease, have full power to stop this sort of ramp.

Inhuman Indignity.

John Macdonald, a tramp, was accused by the master of Weymouth Workhouse with the theft of a pair of trousers. These were taken from him and he appeared at the police court wrapped in a cell rug and with bare feet. The magistrates sentenced him to fourteen days, but they were not so inhuman as the workhouse master, who was responsible for heaping an uncalled-for indignity on a fellow-being. There should be an enquiry.

Courage in the Mine.

When the rope snapped, James Penty was hurled to the bottom of a Wombwell pit shaft. Reginald Horrox, a pit manager, and miner Everitt, risked their lives by descending the shaft on a bucket at the end of a rope which failed to reach the bottom by thirty feet. At great peril they scrambled to the spot where Penty's dead body lay. The spirit of willing sacrifice in time of danger in our coal districts extends upwards from the miners to the management.

Wrong Right.

Hatch House, Hull, is to let and the problem of the toll-bar confronts the town. Existing as a barrier between the busy thoroughfares of Anlaby Road and Hessle Road, residents who wish to pass through the yard must pay a halfpenny toll. As much as 8s. a day is often taken. It is to be hoped the corporation will meet with success in acquiring the property. Toll-bars are an irritating anachronism.

It's Always So.

Pity moved the justices at Blackburn when Alice Dearn, a single woman of thirty, was bound over for attempting to abandon her baby boy in a railway train. Dearn was left an orphan at an early age, earned 10s. a week as a domestic servant, and had been deserted by the father of her child. Her pathetic cry of "O God!" as she fell senseless in the dock would move a heart of stone. It is a pity the man responsible for her hopeless motherhood cannot be brought to book.

A Sorry Census.

The homeless poor of London number thousands. Each year the census is taken. Last month, on a fine, mild night, the count was taken over the whole of the Administrative County. In the streets seventy-six men and twenty-four women were found, the last sad derelicts for whom not even the charitable institution nor common lodging-house had proved kind. The embankment seats are again always occupied. It's a comment upon modern civilisation that needs no added words.

Starving Ratepayers.

A woman of West Hartlepool summoned for non-payment of rates collapsed in court from weakness and hunger, and a man drawing 29s. a week unemployment relief stated that he had five children to keep, besides himself and wife. "People as poor as he were paying something," remarked the overseer. All we have to say is that it's a scandalous imposition and a damnable shame. Speaking personally, we'd see the rate-collector to Jericho before we'd give him the kiddies' bread.

Whose Fault?

At London Sessions John James, a coloured engineer, proved guilty of receiving stolen goods, was sent to prison for twelve months. The case is worth noting because James owned a car, a yacht, and a well-padded banking account, and yet managed to draw the "dole." That rogues of this nature should "get away with it" while honest poor men are driven from benefit and harried from pillar to post is not only amazing but scandalous. The whole thing calls for enquiry.

Putting Children into the Gutter.

Because of red tape, 190,000 children are to be shot out of schools on to the labour market on one day, April 1, with the result that most will have to wait weary months before they get work. Until recently a child could leave school on his fourteenth birthday, but the rule now is that he must attend till the end of the school term. Employers and parents protest against this idiotic new regulation. Those who framed it must be made to find the youngsters jobs.

Striking Lucky.

The good fairy of Daniel Combs must have been at his side when he decided to stow away upon the good ship *Orduna*, sailing to Nova Scotia from Southampton. When discovered starving nine days out, he was nourished back to strength, after which he was able to work his journey home. So impressed were the officers by the man's willingness that they subscribed £7 for him, and he was offered a permanent job on the ship. There are thousands like Combs who ask only for a chance, and the shame is ours that so many ask in vain.

Penalising Promptitude.

The village constable of Moreton, Cheshire, was summoned to a case of attempted suicide. Realising the necessity for immediate medical treatment, he called up the nearest ambulance to remove the man to hospital. Later the Birkenhead Corporation sent him a bill for 30s. for its use. Little wonder the villagers waxed indignant, and raised the sum by public subscription. Would the policeman have earned promotion had he left the patient to die? A contemptible scandal.

Well, Well!

"Medical Officers of Health publishing and circulating in their districts information about food and health at the request of the municipal authorities or local health councils need have no fear that this action performed officially and in good faith will be censured by the General Medical Council," says the registrar of that body in answer to a query. In other words, these officers have gracious permission to do the work for the public for which the public pays them. Apparently the public still has to ask if it dare take steps to be healthy.

Family First.

To emigration we are not averse so long as England retains sufficient for her needs, and provided emigrants are trained for the work awaiting them. What we object to is the shipping out of men unfitted by nature and training for labour overseas. Instead of keeping an army in idleness on the "dole" we should strengthen them physically, and school them, even as we did in the days of war. It is scandalous that hundreds of Hungarians have reached Winnipeg to take over jobs that should have been reserved exclusively for the Empire's sons.

Offending Decency.

The National Council of Women does well to keep urging the need of women on the staff of every police-station to look after the female prisoners. It is not right that women prisoners should be under the supervision of men. So long ago as 1920 Lady Nott-Bower, when she gave evidence before a commission, said: "Women feel intensely that it is a dreadful thing that a man may look in upon them should there be any noise in the cell." It is an offence against decency that the Home Office must stop.

The Greatest Thing.

One more! Alfred Stuart Symondson, an Army bandsman, was at Westminster sent to six months' hard labour for an offence against a little girl. Think of it—half a year for destroying the chastity of a child! To argue that the fellow's mind was affected is the gravest condemnation of the sentence, since one whose infirmity prompts to such shameful deeds should be shut away in an asylum for ever. Until the authorities recognise that a child's innocence is the most precious thing in the world we intend to give them no rest.

Miss Jennie Robbins.

We recently criticised Miss Jennie Robbins saying that she was obviously not a fit person to hold a licence for the employment of girls, and expressing a wish that she would never get back the licence which had been revoked for the reasons stated in our criticism. Further facts of the case having now been placed before us we find that our criticism was unmerited. We, therefore, unreservedly withdraw it, and express regret for any annoyance it may have caused.

The Mumbo-jumbo Mixture.

Peter Lambert, of West End Park Street, Glasgow, is a peculiarly dangerous type of person. Heart disease, spinal trouble, paralysis and tumour are a few of the complaints he claims to cure at a fee, his remedy containing a large mixture of spiritualism and mumbo-jumbo. We are surprised to see his advertisements accepted by the Glasgow local press. He is an impudent quack.

Tough for the Turf.

We have had enquiries as to the value of a circular offer made by Charles Hammond and Co., 32, St. James's Street, S.W.1, who wish local backers to act for them for commission on the racecourses, so obtaining favourable prices. Previous experience of firms who have taken the winnings, but omitted to pay losses, leads us strongly to advise our readers to demand an initial deposit as security. Otherwise, there is a decided risk.

Gee Whiz, Gheewala!

C. P. Gheewala, of Khetwadi, Main Road, Bombay, is circularising people in this country with an offer of tickets in the forthcoming Goa lottery, a preliminary being a payment of £1 for the privilege of being placed on his list. This is to obviate trouble owing to the impossibility of replying to "so many enquiries from different corners of the world." With such a postbag, why should Mr. Gheewala require new clients at a pound a time?

A Bad Example.

T. Leslie, of Kenway Road, Earl's Court, London, is still exploiting the unemployed with his "home work" schemes. He tells correspondents that he sympathises with "all who wish to become their own boss," and promptly demands an instruction fee of £4 4s, with an immediate deposit of 10s. 6d. As he is using an "accommodation" address we would advise readers to keep their money.

Where the Carcase Is.

An echo of the Ford Unit ramp, by which thousands of British investors were induced by American bucket-shops to purchase shares of little value at a substantial figure, is to be found in the activities of Kaufman and Spanier, of 20, Broad Street, New York, U.S.A. Holders of the Ford Units are invited to exchange their shares for stock in the Yellow Taxi Company of Detroit. We know nothing of this concern, but experience tells us that, when the vendors have to come so far afield, however "yellow" it may be, it is not very golden.

"Aristocratic Drug-fiend."

Under the above heading we recently laid bare the inner story of George Granville Hope-Johnstone, an inveterate drug-fiend of the aristocracy, whose activities in regard to dope-taking were highly dangerous both to himself and others. After exposing his methods we asked, "Why is he not brought to book?" The sequel is interesting. He was arrested a few days after our article appeared, and is now in custody on the charge of having procured morphine and atrophine illegally, the magistrate refusing bail in the man's own interest.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE GIFT
£250 DEATH BENEFIT PAID

Problems of Life

Where is the Flag?

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE often used to hear the maxim that trade follows the flag. Other countries evidently believe it—hence the scramble of the world Powers for new territories, and the loudly voiced demand of Germany for the restoration of her former colonies or the granting of facilities for acquiring others in place of them.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

But so far as England is concerned the claim has never been true in an exclusive sense.

It has long been our policy to admit the commerce of other nations to our ports on the same terms as our own, though the benefit has seldom been reciprocal.

Our commercial predominance in pre-war times must have been due to other causes than simply that our flag flew over a fourth of the earth and almost as great a proportion of its inhabitants.

It was due mainly to the fact that we have ever been a seafaring race. The chief part of the carrying trade of the world has for centuries past been done by British ships.

BUT, sailing in Near Eastern waters of late, I have been somewhat disquieted to observe signs of a change in this respect.

Where is the flag of the British mercantile marine? I looked for it in Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, and even Egyptian harbours, but could only find it here and there.

Before the war it was everywhere. In almost any roadstead or dock there was an overwhelming preponderance of the Red Ensign of Great Britain. It is not so now, and the reason is not far to seek.

One thing I did see which was no pleasant sight. In certain shops in Constantinople coloured prints were on sale of abject-looking British prisoners meekly saluting the Turkish flag, and of British soldiers running for their lives before triumphant Turkish troops who were laying violent hands on our regimental colours.

This, I suppose, was an exaggerated reminiscence of Kut and Gallipoli, and part of the swagger resulting from Kemal's success in setting aside the treaty of Sevres with the connivance of our French allies.

It may not amount to much, but it is symptomatic.

BRITISH prestige, especially commercial, will never be restored by palliatives and subsidies. Economic problems can never be solved apart from moral principles.

It is useless to hope to recover what we have lost while we continue to contend against each other in the homeland.

Employer and employed, producer and consumer, must make common cause in this work.

We must produce better goods and more of them and send them forth in ever-increasing quantities to the ends of the earth.

A GREAT BUNGALOW RAMP

FOUR SISTERS TWISTED

A Canvey Island Scandal

SOME very alluring advertisements have lately appeared in the daily Press offering modern bungalows for "only £138." The advertisers are called Preedy Bros. (1924), who are described as Builders, Canvey, Essex.

An attractive sketch of the proposed dwelling accompanies each advertisement, and, judging by the phraseology employed by Preedy Bros. (1924), the proposition would appear to be a good thing.

An impartial investigation of the business methods of the Preedy Bros. does not, we find, give one that feeling of encouragement one might reasonably expect after reading their advertisements.

A lady living in Willingdon, Sussex, in need of housing accommodation for herself and three younger sisters, got in touch with a concern called Canvey Bungalows, Ltd.

A small instalment

Canvey Bungalows, Ltd., wrote to say that they would be very pleased to carry out our reader's esteemed order. By arrangement with the firm our reader paid over the sum of £63 as deposit, and waited for the bungalow.

The time passed. Something went wrong, somewhere, and Canvey Bungalows, Ltd., did not carry out their part of the contract as promptly as their advertisements had led one to believe they might have done.

In any case, the elder sister took out a summons in the county court, and on the ground that her order had never been executed (beyond the arrival of four window frames upon which she had to pay the carriage !) obtained judgment against the company, the directors of which were N. and L. Preedy, and its secretary, J. Preedy !

The company did not satisfy this judgment, and our reader was forced to put in a bailiff. Then she received a letter from the High Bailiff of the Southend County Court, which pointed out that a debenture-holder had claimed "the whole of the chattels," and she was advised to withdraw her bailiff.

A wise step

An interesting experience; but it did not end there. Our reader was compelled to add to the financial loss already sustained, the payment of the bailiff's fee of £9 19s. 2d.

By this time the four sisters were naturally not thinking very highly of the Preedy brothers, even though, through a solicitor, they promised to pay back the deposit by instalments.

The next item of news obtained by the elder sister concerned the claim lodged by a High Wycombe working man against the Preedy Bros. respecting a considerable sum of money they had obtained from him upon the pretext of building him a bungalow.

The working man had not been content to issue a county court summons against the firm, but had prosecuted in the Criminal Court on the ground that his money had been obtained by false pretences.

Nathaniel and John Preedy were committed for trial at the Buckinghamshire Quarter Sessions, the Grand Jury returning a true bill.

In the circumstances it will not be surprising to note that they acted a little more rapidly than they had done in regard to their speciality for bungalow building, and, through their counsel, arranged with the working man that, conditional on the return to him, in full, of the amount in question, with costs, he would offer no evidence against them.

At the hearing it was found that the balance at the bank was good, and the Court decided there had been no attempt to defraud and the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

After this the four sisters still went on trying to get their money back, and still continued to receive empty promises from the brothers Preedy, who eventually agreed to pay £50 down in full settlement.

We have before us a letter, signed by John Preedy, stating that if the matter could be allowed to stand over for another week it "will be attended *too*."

The sisters, too, hoped so—but scarcely another week had passed when a letter came to hand from the solicitor acting for the Preedy concern pointing out that they had asked him to obtain a further postponement, which he had refused to do as, he added, "they are rather getting into the mire."

Inspiring success

They most certainly were, for a few days later Canvey Bungalows, Ltd., went into liquidation with heavy liabilities.

So it comes to pass that, inspired by the great success which has so far attended their bungalow achievements, the same Preedy Bros.—who for some reason have added "1924" to their title—are to-day offering bungalows—which contain four rooms, hall, scullery, coal-house, verandah, cupboard and larder, etc.—for "only £138."

What's in a Name?

A Skinning Skin Merchant

A PERSON named E. J. Spencer carries on business at 3, Natal Road, Ilford, Essex, as a "Manufacturing Furrier and Skin and Horsehair Merchant." We do not think very much of Spencer's methods of business.

E. J. Spencer issues a leaflet, addressed "To my Friends the Mole-Trappers and Others," in which the most alluring prices are offered for skins. It is stated quite definitely that all payments are made on the same day as goods are received.

* * *

This is not so, however. A Sussex reader, for instance, sent fifteen moleskins and two rabbit skins to Spencer in December last and expected to get suitable remuneration, according to the terms laid down in the price-list, by return of post.

Not hearing anything by the time a fortnight had passed, he got in touch with us, and we wrote to Spencer on his behalf.

We were not favoured with a reply, although our reader then received the magnificent sum of eighteenpence in payment for his goods ! As he had spent a shilling in postage stamps on the transaction, it will be readily realised that this sum did not leave him a very great margin for profit.

* * *

We have had other complaints about E. J. Spencer of a similar character. A Kentish reader's story is interesting. He knows Spencer by two names—as both Spencer and Ferres.

And he knows Spencer alias Ferres not as the business *man* he would appear to be from the literature, but as the very enterprising lady she really is.

Answering an advertisement for a sleeping partner, he paid Spencer a sum of money in September last, and waited for the profits to come along from her profitable business.

Although it should have been very profitable when one gets a consignment of skins for eighteenpence, our Kentish reader has so far received not a bean.

Even when he tried to get some of the money back by getting a sheriff to levy on the chattels, he was disappointed, as the furniture did not belong to the lady in question.

This is a very interesting story, because another person named Ferres—a gentleman this time, also of the same address in Natal Road—used to be in business in Barbican in the same name of Spencer.

* * *

He was also a dealer in moleskins, and his methods of business were identical with those referred to above, since the police at Old Jewry, E.C., received complaints about him from people who could not obtain money for goods despatched !

Well, then, might we ask, "What's in a name?"

An Oily Swizzle

A Concern that Disappeared

IN view of the serious nature of complaints reaching us, we think that the mysterious affairs of a concern called the Oil Lease Investment Co. should be officially investigated without further delay.

This concern, by the aid of alluring literature, induced people all over the country to invest money in wonderful oil plots in Arkansas, and more or less definitely stated that huge profits were certain to be made in a very short space of time.

The whole thing was a cleverly camouflaged booby-trap from the beginning, and many thousands of victims were roped in by the ingenious share-pushers who "worked" the scheme in England.

Saving the situation

After a few months, some of the victims began to scent that something was wrong, and wrote to the Oil Lease Investment Co. asking why the overdue profits were not forthcoming. They received letters in reply which said that "operations were temporarily held up," and so on; but no cash was returned to those who asked for it.

A little later on, one of the prime movers in the Oil Lease Investment ramp was sent to jail for fraud—which had nothing to do with the company itself—and, after this incident, the affairs of the company passed into the hands of a concern, newly registered in Guernsey, called the Oil Lease Investment Company, *Limited*, which had two addresses—one at Windsor House, Victoria Street, S.W., and the other at Southampton Buildings, Holborn, W.C.

The business of this new company was to "save the situation," and by specious promises it managed to secure thousands of fresh victims who were induced to believe that, by taking up a plot of land in Arkansas, they would soon make wealth untold !

A wicked swindle

Nothing occurred in this respect, however, after the money had been paid over, and when the dupes began to ask what was happening, the company "closed down" both its London offices and withdrew to Guernsey.

Since then the poor victims have been unable to get any replies to letters addressed to the Guernsey offices, and, although many have written to the police, no action has been taken against any of the scheming company-promoters concerned.

Thousands of pounds are involved, and it will be a very scandalous end to this wicked swindle if it is allowed to die out in the limbo of forgotten things.

We urge the Board of Trade to send for the official files of the companies concerned, and also to call upon the police to produce all the complaints received during the past two years from the victims of this callous fraud.

Green the Grabber

A Despicable Beggar

WE are glad that the police are paying a little more attention to the swindling activities of begging-letter writers, and note with pleasure that they have secured the arrest of an elderly female harpy named Bertha May Brierly.

This lady has been very busy for some time past, writing sad letters full of her family troubles, and lamenting her husband's sickness.

Evidence showed that far from being an invalid, Mr. Brierly had been in continuous employment for over twelve months, and the couple's income has averaged £6 6s. a week!

The impertinence of Mrs. Brierly is equalled by a certain importunate gentleman named Henry Theodore Green, who has lately been operating from 80, Richford Street, Hammersmith, W.6. We suggest to the police that their attention should now be turned to Mr. Green.

A mean dodge

All begging-letter writers are despicable characters, but Henry Theodore Green strikes us as being an exceptionally mean type of rascal.

For Green's pet game is to address his whining appeals to people whom he knows to be deceased, in the hope of playing upon the feelings of any relative into whose hands his letters may happen to fall.

One such letter has just reached us from Bristol, having been sent on by a gentleman whose brother was killed in action nearly ten years ago.

This gentleman assures us that, to the best of his knowledge, his brother knew no one named Green, and suggests that the latter probably "lifted" the name from a public roll of honour.

"It must be ten years since I saw you," writes the plausible Mr. Green, and then goes on to say how he has "had an exceedingly hard time for a considerable while past."

After remarking how hard he has been trying to find work, Mr. Green works in some touching details relating to his "widowed mother," whom he has been obliged to support.

The good news

Then he breaks the good news that he has at last secured a post, but adds: "After being out for so lengthy a period I am in need of a few things in order to smarten up personal appearances a little. I am writing to you to ask if you can possibly do me the kindness of lending me 10s. or 15s. until I commence work."

"Until I commence work" is good, for our investigations show that Green, who was once employed as a supply teacher by the L.C.C., has not done any work for some years beyond penning his begging letters and sponging upon the charitably disposed.

We hope that the police will soon stop him imposing upon the relatives of the dead in this way; and meanwhile we warn the public to ignore his cadging appeals.

GIGANTIC CLOTHING FRAUD

THOUSANDS OF POOR VICTIMS

Who is Mr. "Garnham"?

FOR some considerable time we have been inundated with complaints concerning the Veget Wearproof Clothing Company, of 85, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

Having fully investigated the methods of business of this firm, we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the most impudent clothing swindles of modern times.

The victims—of whom there are thousands—are, for the most part, struggling people, whose greatest task in life is to feed and clothe their families on their modest means, and whom the loss of even small sums of money involves in difficulties and very real hardship.

The Veget Wearproof Clothing Company has for months been advertising extensively, and its phraseology has been framed so as to appeal specially to harassed housewives.

Alluring offers

Here are some of the arresting titles used:—"Boy's Suits from only 8s. 6d.! Knickers, 4s. 11d.! Breeches, 14s. 11d.! Gent.'s Suit or Overcoat, 21s.!"—which, in homes where it is difficult sometimes to get a decent Sunday's dinner, and where every halfpenny has to be taken into consideration, were read and re-read eagerly.

Then there was a special inducement—the cloth of which the Veget goods were made was stated to be of a "Guaranteed Won't-Wear-Out" material.

So strong, indeed, was this cloth advertised to be that the Veget Wearproof Company even undertook, after nine months' trial, to exchange any article into which a hole had come, no matter whether its wearer was a blacksmith, carpenter, engineer, miner, farmer, labourer or quarryman.

Orders poured in by the thousand, and real money accompanied them. Then, for the first time, the fly appeared in the ointment. The goods did *not* come to the poor homes where they were so urgently required.

War-victim sufferer

Apologetic letters and postcards arrived from the Veget Wearproof Clothing Company, in plenty; but as the weeks passed into months, the "Won't-Wear-Out" materials still failed to arrive.

At the present time orders which were sent to the company as long ago as last autumn are, by the thousand, unfulfilled, while the money which accompanied them has not been refunded.

Let us give a few instances to show the types of people this company swindled.

Mr. Alfred Carter, of Park Lane, Golcar, Yorks., lost a leg in the war. He is married with two little children, and is out-of-work.

He wanted a suit to smarten himself up for the purpose of impressing prospective employers, but the prices of the local tailors were completely beyond him.

Then he saw the alluring advertisements of the Veget Company, and he scraped together 35s. and sent it to them last November. But his suit has not come, and several letters to the firm have been ignored.

A policy of silence

"I am in a very poor way," he writes. "I have only worked ten weeks this last fifteen months, so you can guess how I am fixed."

Sir Archibald Bodkin, the Public Prosecutor

Mr. E. J. Gould, of Holcombe, near Bath, is a helpless cripple. In December last he sent the Veget Company £2 for various articles of clothing. Apart from getting a receipt for his money he has heard nothing, and a number of letters have been totally ignored.

Mr. A. Baxter, of Gas Street, Stamford, is a working-man with a wife and four children. In October last he sent 9s. 11d. for a pair of "Veget" trousers. Despite several appeals to them for either the trousers or the return of the money, he is unable to obtain satisfaction.

Mr. Arthur Rawlinson, of Ashton-on-Mersey, needed some clothes for himself and wife. He sent £3 6s. 9d. in the middle of last November, and anxiously awaited the arrival of the "bargains." He is waiting still.

The man behind the scene

Who, then, is behind the Veget Wearproof Clothing Company? On the notepaper and literature of the concern the proprietor is given as "G. W. Garnham."

But the curious thing about this is that nobody has ever come across Mr. Garnham in any dealings with the firm. If he exists, it is certainly not in the capacity of the active controller of the business.

Our enquiries have established the fact that the person running the Veget Wearproof Company is a Mr. Thomas Henry Brooks.

It was this gentleman who dealt with the mail, who received the money from disappointed clients all over the country, and who conducted the company's affairs.

Firms who supplied the Veget Company with the "Won't-Wear-Out" material knew Garnham only as a name, and carried out all their transactions with Mr. Brooks.

Now it is clear that Brooks first got into difficulties about seven or eight months ago, when creditors began to press him for payment of overdue accounts. Instead of closing down the business then, he went on advertising as though all was well, and, to put it briefly, used Peter's money to pay Paul.

He evidently thought that if he could put off new clients for a time while he settled the claims of the old ones—using the cash of the former for this purpose—he would ultimately straighten things out.

It was a mad game. Salaries and expenses went on just the same, and his difficulties grew more and more until, in the end, he was confronted with complete disaster.

Now it is a very serious offence, when you are insolvent, to take money from people under the pretence that you are running a flourishing business and in a position to give immediate value for the money thus obtained.

Desperate recklessness

But this did not deter Mr. Brooks—he went on recklessly with the hopeless results we have disclosed.

A few weeks ago a bailiff was put in one the Gray's Inn Road premises. After this incident, Mr. Brooks, for a short while, through the kindness of the owner, used some premises in South Row, Bow, for the purpose of dealing with one or two urgent matters.

The result is that the Post Office was informed that this Bow address housed the new whereabouts of the Veget Company. This, of course, is not so, and great annoyance has been caused to the occupier, who is a creditor of the Veget concern for over £700!

People writing there in the hope of obtaining satisfaction are only following a false trail.

To-day, the movements of Mr. Brooks are difficult to trace. The Gray's Inn Road offices are closed, and the only information one can obtain from his intimate friends is that he has recently given it out that he proposes shortly to leave for South Africa!

No time for delay

We do not think he ought to be allowed to get there—at least not until he has given some adequate explanation of his disgraceful conduct in obtaining sums of money from poor people up and down the country for goods he knew he was not in a position to supply.

Many police stations have received complaints from disillusioned victims.

We, therefore, suggest, particularly in view of the fact that Brooks some time ago ran another similar and disastrous concern, that the Public Prosecutor's department immediately set about the task of endeavouring to obtain some explanation from this very enterprising gentleman before the blue seas bear him away to the sunshine of another land.

THE GREAT GOLD GUSH

THE "CAN CAP" CAPSIZE

A Wizard of Wealth goes Pop

SOME time ago a generous-hearted philanthropist descended upon humanity in the guise of the Managing Director of Can Cap Assets Company, Limited.

Setting himself up in style at Sicilian House, Holborn, he induced people all over the country to believe that he held the key to a golden secret by which wealth could be amassed with rapidity and certainty.

This keeper of golden secrets, it so happens, is appropriately named. He is Mr. C. F. Gold. And the company of which he was managing director—the Can Cap Assets Company—was appropriately named too.

In any case, Mr. Gold appears to have found a good number of cans and, with both certainty and rapidity, to have capped the deal by steering it into obscurity.

"£900 for £50!" That was the golden lure. "The above sounds rather astonishing," he wrote, "but this is an opportunity that eclipses any effort before made."

All kinds and sorts of people fell for the splendid stories of this engaging gentleman, and many of them almost fell over themselves in rushing to Mr. Gold to obtain some of his priceless treasures.

Golden silence

They put their money into the Can Cap venture in the hope of getting some of the big profits quickly and because they believed that the company possessed some valuable freehold land in Canada—or, as Mr. Gold put it, "near a thriving and quickly growing Canadian city (the capital of a British Province as big as Germany)."

After the company had obtained all the money it could months passed and silence was golden. Investors who had participated, with real money, in the Gold Gush, waited for the profits to turn up. But nothing happened, and for quite a long time it was almost impossible to strike Mr. Gold.

He was frequently unavailable at his office, and most investors eventually came to the conclusion that they needed some golden patience indeed when dealing with this side of the proposition.

Question and answer

Presently the Can Cap Assets Company went off the map. Maybe some of the victims had pulled Mr. Gold's leg about it, but in any case the words "Can," "Cap" and "Assets" became suddenly buried, and a concern called the Regina City Land and Investment Trust, Limited, carried on the merry task of showing all and sundry how to get rich quick in the real Gold way.

In this Regina project Mr. Gold blossomed forth in full—as Mr. Charles Futvoye Gold. And he certainly appears to have lived up to the first part of his second name, for the Regina City Land and Investment Trust was not long in going "phut."

Going into Mr. Gold's career we find that he has been mixed up with other brilliant concerns of this character.

One of them is the Swastika Syndicate, Limited, which was supposed to possess valuable concessions in regard to some slate quarries in Cornwall.

Cornwall is a long way from Regina, and it should not have taken investors in the Swastika venture long to find out that the slate quarries were about as valuable as the endless promises of Mr. Gold.

One of our readers, who was unfortunate enough to be capped by Gold in both the Regina and Swastika propositions, had the inspiration of writing to him some time ago to point out that he had invested his money solely upon the statements contained in the £900 for £50 circular, and asking when some of the gigantic profits were likely to come along.

He received an epistle which opened with the tidings that Mr. Gold had had "a very sharp attack of lumbago, contracted, I fear, on my last journey."

Mr. Gold did not say where he had been, but it did not take our reader long to make up his mind where he ought to have been.

No need to worry

Mr. Gold, all the same, was still quite buoyant and optimistic, and, in that gentle manner which makes him the splendid fellow he is, told our reader not to worry, as everything would come right in the end.

Did it? About a year ago Mr. Gold grew more silent than ever in regard to these fortune-making projects, and the investors' dreams of wealth untold began to fade completely.

A gentleman named Betterley, of 7, Pall Mall East, came on the scene in his place, having been appointed to wind up the various Gold companies voluntarily. He told the investors they would receive his report in due course.

They are still waiting for it. And, from what we can see, it will be a pretty dull and dismal affair when it does come along.

There will, it is certain, be none of Mr. Gold's alluring phraseology about it, nor, do we suppose, will it bring any dividend with it.

A Red-tape Farce

R.A.F Remnant Sale

MUCH criticism has recently been levelled at the Air Force authorities alleging that the cost of organisation of this new arm of the Services is far out of proportion to the number of fighting units maintained.

A recent incident brought to our notice leads us to think that there is some justification for the criticism.

At the Howden Air Station it was discovered not long ago that there was a small stock of thirty or forty sets of officers' silk underwear and socks "surplus to the establishment."

The officer responsible for the disposal apparently thought he had better stick strictly to regulations, and, accordingly, notified the Air Ministry.

* * *

One would have thought it would have been possible to dispose of the garments locally. But this was impossible in such a highly organised Service.

Instructions were solemnly issued that they should be forwarded to the Central Clothing Depot at Kidbrooke, London, S.E.

With equal solemnity a notice was inserted in Air Ministry Weekly Orders under "Sale of Warm Clothing," offering for sale officers' "Vests, silk, pink, 3s. 6d. each; drawers, silk, pink, 3s. 6d. per pair; socks, silk, brown, 1s. 6d. per pair."

* * *

"It is intended," ran the order, "that not more than two vests, two pairs of drawers and two pairs of socks shall be sold to any one officer.

"Issues will be made on the usual prepayment procedure, and applications for the articles should be forwarded to No. 1 Stores Depot."

Further instructions followed, details of the sizes of the vests and drawers, and the important information that "14 pairs of the socks available will be suitable for wear with boots sizes 7 and 8," the remainder being "divided between smaller and larger sizes."

We have no official confirmation of the report that "telegrams and 'phone messages immediately flowed in from various stations, some asking for 800 sets and many for less quantities."

Nor can we vouch for the truth of the statement that officers, panting for drawers, silk, pink, at 3s. 6d. a pair, lined up for the great sale-time bargain, fighting madly for the few dozen available sets.

To judge from the seriousness with which the Air Ministry handled the affair, one could hardly have been surprised had something of the kind happened.

* * *

It is an ironic commentary on the mentality of the Ministry that, while they are shouting for more 'planes for the defence of the Empire, they should have nothing better to think about than the disposal of a few undergarments.

"Floating Deathtraps"

An Apology to the Hartley Steamship Company, Limited, Owners of the s.s. "Hartley"

OUR attention has been called to the article which appeared in our issue of March 13, 1926, headed "Floating Deathtraps," which the owners of the above-named vessel justly complain of as being a libel upon them.

We regret that we should have stated that lives were lost on the s.s. *Hartley* through gross negligence, and that the article should have contained words imputing that the vessel was the property of grasping shipowners who ought to be prevented by the Board of Trade from sending unseaworthy vessels to their doom.

It has been pointed out to us that the s.s. *Hartley* was a new vessel built in 1924 by builders of the highest repute, and that she was sent to sea on her final voyage amply provided and equipped with the necessary material for securing her hatches according to the method selected by the owners with the assistance of their expert advisers and in accordance with the very latest recommendations of the Board of Trade at that date.

We regret that the article should have conveyed the slightest suggestion that the owners of the s.s. *Hartley* jeopardised the safety of their crew or were in any way to blame for the loss of the vessel, and we are happy to take this opportunity of making the fullest apology.

Harrison Hops It

Robbing the Unemployed

COMPLAINTS continue to reach us in regard to the activities of Mr. Percy Swinford Harrison, who has recently been operating from Savoy Street, Strand.

First, Mr. Harrison ran a concern called "Southern Distributors," then he became known as "British Distributors," and, last but not least, as the "British Associated Trading Co."

A West London gentleman, through an advertisement, got in touch with Mr. Harrison, who offered him the position of salesman-manager, if he put £50 down, which was returnable.

When he started work he discovered that there was very little to do, and, after a time, found himself engaged in either listening to complaints from other victims, or trying to get Mr. Harrison to say something definite as to how things stood.

This gentleman is still looking for his money.

We could give many more instances like this of poor unemployed people, who, misled by Harrison, have parted with their money.

The state of affairs has grown more serious within the last few days, as the offices in Savoy Street have been suddenly vacated.

In the case of Mr. Harrison, we have already conferred with the police authorities, at whose disposal our dossier of complaints has been willingly placed

An Unholy Muddle

Council's Bungling Contracts

THE housing problem is acute in all parts of the country, but the poor people of Plymouth are especially to be pitied, for their troubles are doubled through the gross inefficiency of a blundering and profligate corporation.

In these days of stress, with the cost of labour and materials soaring to the skies, the burden of home-building is a particularly heavy one to bear, but the Plymouth Council is apparently of the opinion that the taxpayer can stand anything.

At any rate, it has overpaid contractors to the extent of £32,607, and the ironical part is that this expenditure has been incurred under the Plymouth Housing, 1919 (Assisted), Scheme.

"Assisted" is good. But will the people of Plymouth, anxiously awaiting homes, relish such "assistance"?

Disgraceful book-kee-ing

A lengthy report has just been issued by the Plymouth borough treasurer, which shows that from first to last the whole scheme has been conducted in slip-shod and bungling manner.

Some idea of the tangled state of affairs may be gathered from the fact that the final accounts for four contracts, which were completed in 1921, have not yet been rendered!

These four contracts represent amounts of £29,847, £25,572, £24,618 and £11,520. It is, therefore, small wonder that the council's financial affairs are in a shocking state of chaos.

But let us turn to a completed contract, where the final account has been rendered, in order to get some idea of the exceptionally unbusiness-like methods employed by those who are out to "assist" the people of Plymouth to obtain houses.

In one instance, where the final figures showed a considerable increase on the original quotation, the contractor stated that his calculations when tendering were not based upon a prepared schedule, but upon "general knowledge and verbal enquiries made at the time."

We are at a loss to understand how the Plymouth Council came to accept such an indefinite tender. Still more are we puzzled to understand how they came to accept the final account which, on the contractor's own admission, had been prepared, not from any settled schedule of prices, but from his own "recollections."

Find the culprits!

In the face of such admissions, it is not at all surprising that the Housing, 1919 (Assisted), Scheme has overpaid £32,607 of taxpayers' money; but, surely, the matter calls for immediate investigation.

Who is to blame for this hopeless inefficiency? Such carelessness and waste should not be tolerated in silence. The whole matter should be sifted to the bottom, and the responsible persons should be made to answer for their wanton bungling.

BRAVE MAN BLED TO RUIN

HOUNDED FROM PILLAR TO POST

The Vampire's Banquet

A MOVING example of the misery and devastation which may be wrought by ruthless moneylenders is afforded by the following tragic story, which concerns the rise and fall of Mr. D. B. Fulton, a professional man of great promise.

During the war, Mr. Fulton, a gentleman of considerable attainments and high character, occupied a responsible position with the Ministry of Munitions, and no greater tribute could be paid to him than the fact that he was awarded the O.B.E.

He was a married man, with four children, and when the war ended he lost no time in looking about in order to secure a position that would enable him to fend for his family and establish his future career.

He was successful in obtaining the post of chief works accountant to a famous armament firm at a good salary.

The fatal plunge

The new post, however, necessitated his removal to the North. Mr. Fulton took the plunge and set off with high hopes and full of ambition. But his confidence was soon to be shaken, for he found his path beset with difficulties.

In the first place, he had not reckoned with the housing shortage. On arriving at his post he found it practically impossible to find a suitable home, and for weeks he and his family lived at an hotel, always hoping that something would turn up.

Their hopes were not realised, however, and as time sped by, Fulton found the expense of their mode of living mounting up alarmingly.

Having no capital, he was reluctantly forced to resort to moneylenders to raise money to meet his initial expenses, and once having started to borrow from one moneylender he was obliged to turn to another for assistance in order to repay his original loans.

Fulton strove frantically to regain financial stability, but he found himself getting deeper and deeper into the toils of the merciless Shylocks, who demanded grotesquely inflated rates of interest.

Tightening the grip

Many men in a similar position might have been crushed completely, but Fulton showed the stuff that he was made of by casting about in search of a still higher position.

His dogged determination was eventually rewarded, and he had the good fortune to secure an excellent post with the Port of London Authority.

Fulton brought his family south again, feeling that he would soon be able to wipe off all his liabilities and hold his head up once more.

But, having got a victim into their clutches, the Shylocks were reluctant to let him go. They tightened their grip, and one firm, the Regent Trust, Ltd., from whom, he stated in court, he had borrowed £1,475, and paid back £2,045, still demanded more.

So Fulton struggled on, and in some instances paid interest at the rate of 160 per cent.

It is possible that he might have succeeded had not a rumour of his transactions with moneylenders reached the ears of the port authorities.

This was the crowning blow, for it resulted in Fulton being asked to resign. With this post gone, the harassed man's outlook was black indeed. The shadow of disgrace was upon him, although, in all he had paid £3,085 in interest on borrowed money.

Still determined to fight on, Fulton took the first post he could obtain—that of electrical engineer at a salary of £700 a year.

It was a terrible drop, but even now his troubles were not at an end. At the instance of Mr. Cohen, of the Regent Trust, Ltd., he was prosecuted and committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court on a trivial charge.

Thus he had to suffer the humiliation of standing in the dock, but on the direction of Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., he was discharged.

By now, however, the bloodsuckers had encompassed his ruin, and Fulton, finding himself quite unable to pay his way, was forced to file his petition of bankruptcy.

When he applied for his discharge the other day, the Registrar, Mr. Coldridge, remarked that he took a very favourable view of the case and was prepared to aid the debtor. He granted Fulton's discharge, subject to a three months' suspension.

The ruin complete

In the course of the proceedings, two letters, one from Cohen and the other from another moneylender named Light, were handed up to the Registrar, and no doubt Mr. Coldridge fully agreed with counsel's comment that they were "disgraceful, and should never have been written."

"Disgraceful" is a mild term for these bloodsuckers who, not content with obtaining from their victim huge sums and bringing about his ruin, must even follow him into the Bankruptcy Court in the hope of grasping his last few pennies.

A Charity Cheat

Mallard in the North

IN our issue of March 6, under the heading of "Bang goes the Bambroom," we unwittingly cast a reflection upon the firm of Bambroom, Limited, proprietors of the Bambroom Mop, but we hasten to assure our readers that this was not the intention of our article, which dealt with various enterprising activities of Mr. John W. Mallard.

Bambroom, Ltd., is a reputable firm, which supplied Mallard with a small quantity of goods wholesale before it discovered that he was an undesirable customer.

* * *

Following the publication of our article Mallard has found it expedient to leave London, and his departure from the capital is typical of the man.

He left in a car which he had obtained on the hire-purchase system, and our investigations show that he is behind in his payments.

But if he was behind in his payments for his motor-car, he is certainly forging ahead with his pet scheme of peddling ballot tickets.

Readers will recall our exposure of Mallard's irregular traffic in tickets for the Sportsman's Ballot, the Silver Star Ballot, etc.

* * *

They will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he has quickly established himself in the North, where he is endeavouring to dispose of tickets for the Willesden Hospital Ballot and the Doncaster Royal Infirmary.

We are informed by the manager of the Willesden Hospital Ballot that Mallard has no authority to sell these tickets now, having got them from a sub-agent who was completely hoodwinked by Mallard's silvery tongue, but who, when advised of Mallard's reputation, was instructed to regain possession, but was unable to do so.

Much the same sort of tale is told by the appeal organiser of the New Building and Equipment Fund, Doncaster Royal Infirmary, who was led to supply Mallard with coupons in the belief that he was a reliable person to undertake the sale on behalf of the fund.

Coupons to the value of £250 were despatched to Mallard in London, and a supply was also sent to his branch office at Hull before suspicion was aroused.

On making enquiries, the appeal organiser at once attempted to stop Mallard from selling any of these coupons. He was successful in obtaining a return of £100, but Mallard still owes something like £70 or £80 to the fund.

* * *

In view of the blatant manner in which he has exploited genuine charities for his own personal profit, we urge the public to follow his movements very closely.

Meanwhile we warn all hospital authorities not to be bamboozled by this charity cheat.

A POISON-TONGUED PEST

AN ENEMY OF "JOHN BULL"

Despicable Trickster Sentenced

OCCASIONALLY, amongst the thousands of letters which reach this office, are epistles which come from people whose only object is to injure somebody else without just or reasonable cause. In this category we must place a very interesting gentleman named Henry William Moldon.

Although JOHN BULL is always anxious to render help and assistance in all genuine cases where an injustice has been done, it has no time for malingerers and scheming busybodies, of whom Mr. Moldon is undoubtedly one.

For years past Mr. Moldon has been pestering us to take up his case against the authorities at Chiswick, in which locality he resides.

As far back as 1922 he came to this office and interviewed us, setting himself forth as a gallant fellow whose rights were being stolen from him by certain influential people who, according to Moldon, disliked him because he was such an unswerving believer in equity and fair play for all.

Condemning the innocent

On one occasion he occupied the attention of one of our representatives for hours, during the course of which he levelled the most damning charges against persons whose honour and integrity had hitherto remained unsullied.

It appeared that he was being turned off some land he possessed because a certain group of rich gentlemen wished to acquire it for moneymaking purposes of their own, and his object in coming to us was to induce us to take up the matter publicly in the hope that the local authorities would be moved to reconsider the situation.

Had Mr. Moldon's story been true, he would have been the victim of a monstrous scandal. But when one of our investigators came to look into it he found, after a prolonged enquiry, that Mr. Moldon's story was a tissue of lies; and we told him that, in the circumstances, we regretted we were unable to do anything in the matter.

Molden's colossal impudence

Then began a series of abusive letters from Mr. Moldon who, mildly it is true, suggested that we, too, had become part of the conspiracy against him.

As time went on the impudence of Mr. Moldon grew by leaps and bounds, and he eventually had the temerity to suggest that we were withholding from the public the facts of his story because we had a wish to shield one of the directors of the company which owns JOHN BULL, whom Moldon alleged was concerned in the matter!

Preposterous, of course; nevertheless, Mr. Moldon persisted in his vendetta against this paper. His letters have been sent to us, and to other people connected with JOHN BULL, at regular intervals since 1922.

Now, apart from the hollow and unfounded nature of Mr. Moldon's grievance, there was another reason why we came to the conclusion that he was a bad lot.

For years he has been connected with the firm of Vernon Smith and Sons, Limited, at High Road, Chiswick—a business described as the "World's Wonder Stores."

Some of the things he sold we thought at the time were too wonderfully cheap to be obtained honestly, and it always appeared to us that he was dealing in stolen property.

A famous judge at the Old Bailey once said that if there were no receivers there would be no thieves, and this observation might well commend itself to Mr. Moldon now.

Described by Detective-Sergeant Bridger, C.I.D., as "a professional receiver of stolen property," Mr. Moldon stood in the dock at the London Sessions recently on charges relating to the receiving of stolen goods.

Receiver and deceiver!

Mr. H. W. Wilberforce sentenced him to twelve months' hard labour, a sentence he thoroughly deserves, since he had been successful on three occasions previously in having criminal charges against him dismissed.

Thus we leave our readers to judge for themselves the type of man Moldon really is.

Is there anything more despicable than the trick of trying to get a newspaper to publish a whole series of lies about other people, and then, when those charges have been investigated and found to be false, to pursue and pester the staff of the newspaper concerned with all sorts of wild and absurd accusations?

Moldon well merits his twelve months' hard labour.

A Tragic Death

"John Bull" Pays Widow £250

IN our issue of March 20 we gave a brief announcement of the payment of £250 to the widow of the late Mr. E. J. Eveson, a registered reader, of 28, Walpole Place, Woolwich, who met his untimely end in most tragic circumstances.

Groping his way downstairs at home he slipped and fell headlong, sustaining fatal injuries.

At the inquest it was disclosed that there was no handrail to the stairs in question, and our special representative, who visited the scene of the accident, found the staircase to be steep and enclosed in such a way as to render it dark even in the daytime.

* * *

There must be thousands of houses of this type all over the country which have no handrails to the stairs, but the ever-present danger is never apparent until after an accident such as this which may suddenly plunge a family into mourning.

Certainly it was not apparent to Mr. and Mrs. Eveson, and must have been far from their thoughts when they became registered readers of JOHN BULL, thereby qualifying for free insurance benefits.

And certainly it was far from their minds on the night of the tragedy. Mr. Eveson was in good health and spirits, and went to get the supper beer as usual.

* * *

Mrs. Eveson was out, but returned home early to find her husband playing his favourite song upon the gramophone, "She wore a wreath of roses, a bridal wreath she wore."

She retired to bed early as she had to be up in good time on the following morning, and shortly afterwards was called to her husband, who had fallen downstairs.

"I couldn't help it, mate," was the injured man's greeting, as his wife bent over him.

Mr. Eveson was removed to Plumstead Infirmary, where he subsequently died, leaving his widow and three children in poor circumstances.

Mrs. Eveson has had enough tragedy in her life. She has had thirteen children; all of whom have died but three, a boy and two girls, and now she has lost the partner of twenty-six years, with whom she never had a cross word.

On the mantelpiece of the little basement room in which she lives are two racks of clay pipes which her husband loved to smoke.

Round the walls are pictures of her husband and her children, and in the front area is a pot of that old-fashioned flower, "Creeping Jenny," struggling to bring a little cheerfulness into the drab surroundings.

But the sight is fraught with pathos, for it was her husband's favourite flower, and the widow still tends it with loving care.

* * *

Mrs. Eveson finds it hard to realise that her loved one is really gone. She still rises at 4 a.m. to call him to go to work, and in the evening she finds herself listening in vain for the step that she will never hear again.

Though she is naturally overwhelmed with grief, Mrs. Eveson has some consolation in the realisation that JOHN BULL's cheque for £250 will mean a nice little nest-egg for her fatherless children and she is very thankful that she had the forethought to fill in the coupon—a simple act, yet one which, in cases such as this, may mean a great deal to some unfortunate people whom disaster may overtake.

A Bad "Best-Seller"

Publisher's Bad Blunder

IT was Byron who made the remark, that "... 'tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print." Were the poet to return to-day, and were he to come in contact with Drane's, Limited, of Danegeld House, 82A, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, he might find the pleasure rather an expensive one.

Drane's make a special appeal to unknown authors who may have written some literary work which they think ought to reach the public.

These writers find considerable difficulty in having their work accepted by the great publishing-houses. This is where Drane's appear as true friends in need.

A couple of years ago, Colonel J. H. McCormick, D.S.O., of the north of Ireland, who was well known in his earlier years as a Canadian pioneer, wrote a work called "Lloydminster, or Five Thousand Miles with the Barr Colonists."

It has been described as a "vivid account" of a band of emigrants who left this country twenty-five years ago, and succeeded in colonising virgin soil in Canada.

A slow sale

He submitted it to Drane's, who expressed their opinion of the manuscript in glowing terms, suggesting that it would have a good public if issued at a price of 6s. a volume.

They regretted that they could not see their way to bear "the entire publication charges," but suggested to the colonel that he should have 2,000 copies printed at a cost to himself of £106 5s., said to be 50 per cent. of the total charges.

On their part they undertook to pay the remaining costs and to distribute the book. Two years elapsed, after which time it became evident that Drane's had made a grievous error of judgment. The book for which they undertook to use every endeavour to get a speedy return for the investment had not found more than twenty-nine purchasers.

This in spite of the fact that the author, without any distributing organisation and as a purely amateur salesman, had succeeded himself in disposing of 300 copies.

A cruel verdict

Drane's ultimately wrote to him to say that the book was "as dead as any book can be," and pointing out that under the contract they had the right to sell off the remaining copies, the author to receive 10 per cent. of the net amount realised by the sale.

Naturally the colonel felt that he had a grievance and protested vigorously. He thought, rightly, that if he could sell 300 copies privately, a publishing firm ought to have disposed of something more than twenty-nine.

As his experience is similar to that of several other authors who have complained to us, we have no hesitation in warning those of our readers who may wish to enter the field of authorship to look elsewhere for a publisher than to Danegeld House.

My Easter Message

by "WOODBINE WILLIE" *(The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C.)*

IN the following striking article "Woodbine Willie" confounds those pessimistic cranks who see only wickedness around them. He perceives that the people are striving for a better world, and this striving gives reason for hope and confidence

THE deepest-seated and most powerful passion of every living creature is the passion to preserve and perpetuate its own existence. The instinct of self-preservation is the essence of life itself; if it ceases to be active in any living creature, death very quickly supervenes.

This passion for life, like all the other passions, is much more powerful and persistent in man than in any other animal. Centuries of more or less civilised life have given some appearance of truth to the wild ideas that the passions and desires of men and women are milder than those of animals.

This is at once a slander on the animals and a misunderstanding of men. No animal has such fierce and insatiable desires as men and women have.

An animal fights with teeth and claws; we would despise such mild and comparatively harmless weapons. When we fight it is with 15 in. guns, poison gas, bombs from above, and mines from beneath, and we slay without mercy old men and little children by a process of slow starvation.

Truth that is stranger than fiction

The European man is the fiercest of the beasts of prey. An animal eats his fill and is satisfied, man surfeits his body with food, and courts disease to satisfy his greed. An animal drinks and his thirst is quenched; man drinks himself drunken, maudlin and mad.

Animals show off in a mild and harmless way; man's passion for self-display or showing-off is fierce, cruel and insatiable. He will keep his brothers in pig-sties in order that he may display himself in palaces, and condemn Lazarus to rags and sores, that he and his woman may go clothed in purple and fine linen every day. There is no more potent and savage force to-day than this passion of self-display.

As all these passions and lusts are stronger in men than in animals; so also is man's passion to preserve his life. But thereby hangs a tale, a truth that is stranger than fiction, for the very power of the passion causes it to change its nature, to evolve from bland passion to conscious self-sacrifice.

It begins to change in the higher animals. You see the promise of the miracle to come when you see a tigress bloody, torn, with eyes already dim with death, but fighting still, not for itself, but for two little bundles of fur in a thicket behind it, the cubs that are born of her body.

It is but a blind passion in her; she fights and knows not why she fights. She gives her life for that which is dearer than life.

The changing passion

This is the path of progress, for in man this blind impulse becomes conscious. The instinct to preserve life becomes the instinct to preserve all that life means, and all that gives meaning to life. Man's passion for self-preservation is turned into a passion for self-sacrifice as the meaning of life grows wider and deeper.

The man who dies to save a pal is still seeking to preserve his life, for his friend's love and loyalty to that love are life to him; without them life is not life at all. So a man learns to die for his children, his friend, or his country, and his country's cause.

Still driven by the same passion for life he will go higher, he will criticise his country, will even cut adrift from his father and his mother, if they stand between him and justice, honour, and his highest sense of right. This is the meaning of that strange saying of Christ: "If any man hate not his father and his mother, he is not worthy of me."

If the dear domestic ties so bind a man or woman that they keep him within the narrow limits of their littleness, so blind his vision that he cannot see the need for the self-sacrifice that is the stepping-stone to better things they may in the end destroy his soul, and themselves go rotten, with the rottenness of death.

Had there been no men who were willing to sacrifice their homes to build a better world, no better than the savage world could ever have been built.

Parasitic cynics

It is this passion to preserve and perpetuate all that life means, and all that gives meaning to life that has created all science and all art.

There could have been no truth but for those who desired it, those to whom it was life. There could have been no beauty for man, but for those to whom beauty was bread, and who hungered for it like starving men.

Nay, there could have been no God for man, but for those who passionately desired that there should be a God, and He a good God, those to whom life in a godless, that is an evil and purposeless world, was intolerable, worse than death itself.

What the cynic says is perfectly true. Man makes God in his own image, in the image of his highest self, and he does this because he passionately desires that the world at its heart should be as good and as beautiful as, in his heart of hearts, he is himself.

"The wish is father to the thought" sneers the cynic. Yes, you blind fool, so it is, but what is father to the wish? Why do men wish that the world should be good, and beautiful and true, that at its heart there should be a good God?

The Faith of Easter

If Jesus died,
Nought but the winter and the gloom
Remain.
But Jesus lives!
Then full and fain,
Laugh and sing ye golden flowers,
Drifting clouds and dancing showers,
Silver moons that wax and wain,
Christ is risen! Christ is risen.
God's green spring is true again.

You sit and sneer in your study at men's longings and strivings for good, but had it not been for those longings you could not have had a study to sneer in. You would be in appearance, what you are in truth, a poor mean-spirited savage grubbing for roots in a wood.

The cynic is a parasite who sucks at the blood of the world. He is the bug of a deadly disease that gnaws at the bowels of courage and love.

Men have believed in the truth at the heart of the world because they loved and longed for truth, and when they sought it they found it, and science was born. Men have believed in beauty at the heart of the world because they longed for it, and when they sought it they found it, and art was born.

They longed for it because it was there. They were made to hunger for truth and beauty because truth and beauty made them. They have passionately desired God because God made them to desire Him.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M.C. ("Woodbine Willie")

I want God because God wants me. God made me for Himself and so my heart is restless till it rests at last in Him.

But side by side with the longing for God, the passionate desire that at the heart of the world there should be goodness, side by side with it and all bound up with it, is the longing for immortality, the desire of an after-life.

A meaningless mockery

If love is not a fraud and an illusion, if truth is not a mockery, and beauty not a trick that blind chance plays upon the minds of men, then beauty, truth and love must last, and find their fullness for me beyond the grave.

If death ends all then life is fraud, that fuller life which I passionately desire to preserve and perpetuate.

All my present truth is partial truth, my beauty broken beauty, and my love imperfect love, and if, for me, they are never to be completed then my desire for their completion is a meaningless mockery, a bitter lie.

I say, for me, and you say I am selfish. Not a bit, for if there be no hope for me, neither is there hope for you. If my passion for perfected life is vain then so is yours and every man's.

I am unashamed of that selfishness. I am selfish. I want all beauty, all goodness, and all truth. I want a perfect life for myself, and, wanting it for myself, I want it for you. That want, that passionate desire to preserve and perpetuate perfect life, is faith, and the world lives by faith.

The thing that conquers

It is to that faith that Easter calls. God did not leave the Perfect Man to die, nor suffer His Holy One to see corruption. He lived and lives, and waits for you and me. Life is not a fraud, and does not end in death's dark agony.

If He died then I must die, for His was finer life than mine, and if His flame was quenched on Calvary my feeble spark must sputter out in cancer, or some other foul disease.

But if the great flame burns on still then is there hope for me, and one day I and my beloved will walk in love that knows no parting beside a soundless sea.

Mock at my faith if so you please; I can but pity you. I believe that evil dies, but good lives, loves on, and conquers all.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. L. C. AMERY, M.P., Colonial Secretary.

SIR,—When you suggest that the British Empire can afford to cut itself adrift from European affairs, trusting simply to its "family connections," you are talking dangerous nonsense. It should be obvious even to your political intelligence that as a commercial nation we must find means of living peaceably with our neighbours, or shut up shop.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—I sincerely hope that you will push forward the suggestion of the various town-planning bodies and summon a conference. In Dr. Addison's day the Ministry of Health prepared regional maps, but in only a very few districts have the regional surveys been carried out. Nevertheless, this beginning prepares the way for a more ideal state of affairs than the present muddled methods. It will be a great pity if the only contribution we make to housing is one of shirk and shoddy.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel C. B. LEVITA, C.B.E., Chairman, L.C.C. Housing Committee.

DEAR SIR,—The case to which Dr. Stella Churchill draws attention, of a man, wife, and three children living in one room 8 ft. by 11 ft., and all sleeping in one bed, is only one among hundreds of similar horrors. Nevertheless, I cannot agree that the slow completion of decent houses is due to the lack of skilled men. What's lacking is sound business enterprise in setting them to work.

JOHN BULL.

To Major-Gen. Sir J. DAVIDSON, M.P., K.C.M.G., Pal ce Mansions, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—The announcement that you have tendered to the local Constitutional Association the resignation of your seat has burst like a bombshell in the Fareham Division. You are a man of courage and conviction, and stoutly assert that unless expenditure on the fighting Services is reduced next year you will not be able to vote for the estimates. This is so in accord with the people's will that your position in the constituency will be strengthened.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel the Hon. FRANCIS WILLEY, C.M.G., Chairman, Federation of British Industries.

SIR,—Few will quarrel with your contention that if waste could be eliminated from industry there would be a vast increase of production. What is needed, however, is some guarantee to the workers that they will receive their fair share of the resulting gains. That the willing co-operation of Labour depends on a square deal from Capital is a lesson that cannot too often be driven home.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor Mrs. CUNIS, Borough Council, Greenwich.

DEAR MADAM,—In the midst of a council meeting you opened a vivid red parasol, which you began to clean with a pocket handkerchief dipped into a water-bottle. When called to order by the mayor you had the impertinence to talk about free will. You were not elected to make a fool of yourself. You should have been ejected.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. J. COOK, Secretary, Miners' Federation.

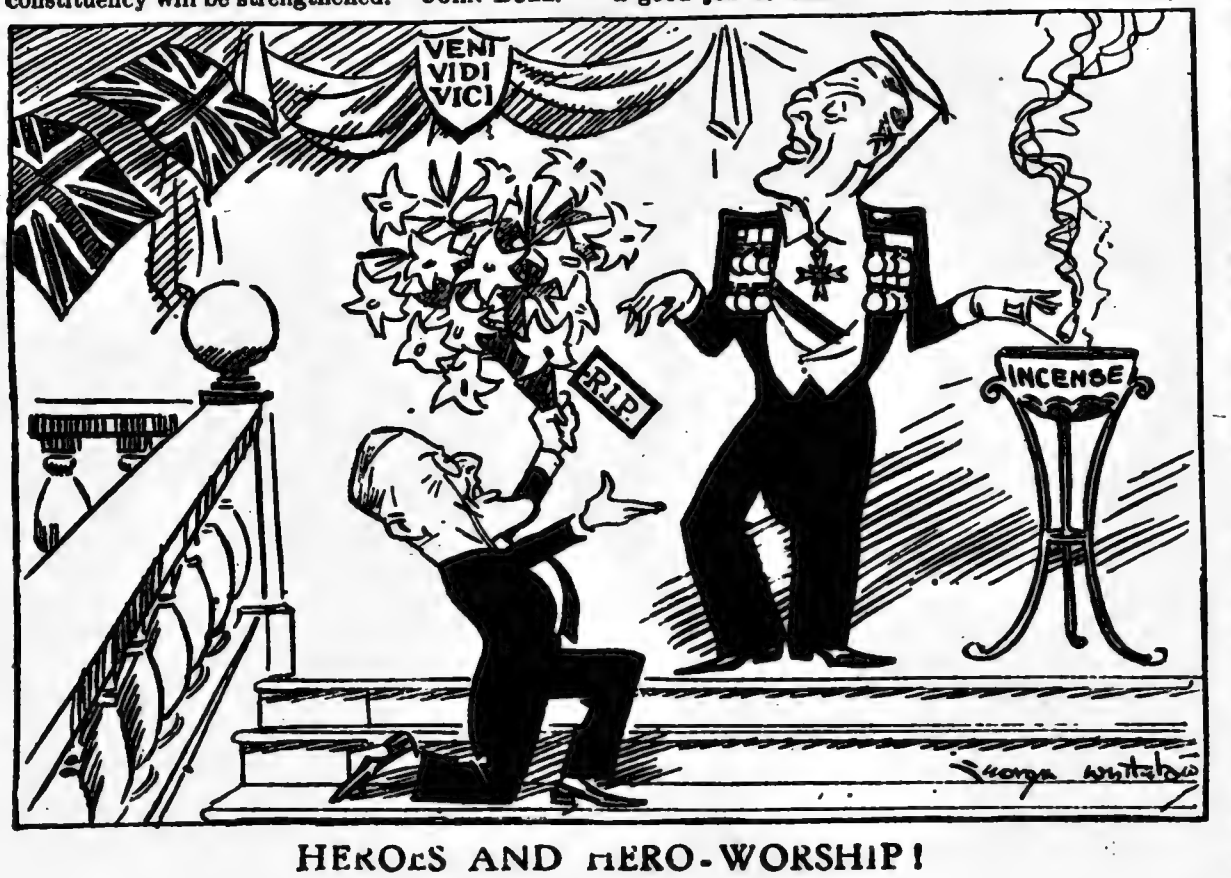
DEAR SIR,—You stated at Birmingham that a Cabinet Minister remarked to you, "What we want is another war!" You declined to disclose his identity on the grounds that the conversation was private, but put it on record that you called him a "b—y monster." If the facts are exactly as you state, he is this and more: he is a public danger who deserves to be hounded out of official life. In justice to the Cabinet as a whole, and as a patriot, you should name the madman. Otherwise, you should have said nothing.

JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE HANWAY, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

DEAR HANWAY,—I don't like to see a fine, upstanding young ex-Serviceman reduced to selling matches in the street, but I do like your original method of protest. In every box you sell you put the message, "I want work." Let's hope the words will reach the heart of some employer with a good job to offer.

JOHN BULL.



HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP!

To Mrs. EMILY JANE LUCAS, Baltic Road, Tonbridge.

DEAR MADAM,—By the birth of your last child you have drawn level with Mrs. James Goldsmith, another local mother. Both of you now have given birth to twenty-three children! Evidently Tonbridge has no prejudice against large families. The pity is that pecuniary means, for the working man, have no elasticity. The difficulty of providing clothes and shoes for such an army must be enormous.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. P. McCARTHY, Chairman, Southwark Board of Guardians.

DEAR SIR,—Because a resolution criticising your conduct was moved by Mr. Montgomery you lost control of your temper, made wild charges against your opponents of discussing the board's affairs in public-houses, and then summarily closed the meeting by leaving the chair. Are you proud of the childish exhibition? If you have a spark of decency in you, you will repeat your words in public, name the members whom you charge with unconstitutional conduct, and face the consequences like a man.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. FOSTER, Walworth.

DEAR MADAM,—It's never too late to mend, and according to you it's never too late to be jolly. Walworth grandfathers formed a social club for youngsters of eighty or thereabouts, so why shouldn't Walworth grandmothers of eighty follow suit? Owing to your pluck and spirit they have done so. A joint party has been held, dancing and games were the order of the evening, and you won the prize for musical chairs! Well done, lads and lassies of eighty!

JOHN BULL.

To Miss ETHEL LANGTON, St. Helen's Lighthouse, Isle of Wight.

DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—At fourteen years of age I am proud to count you one of Britain's heroines. Your father and mother, putting ashore at Bembridge to get food and oil, left you in charge of the lighthouse. A great sea arose in fury and utterly prevented their return for three nights. Every four hours you wound up the clockwork and the saving light shone as regularly as though the keeper had been there. How proud your anxious parents must have been of you.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. SEAN O'CASEY, Dublin.

DEAR SIR,—After the honours recently showered upon you by the great, any congratulations I can add upon your winning the Hawthornden Prize of £100 for literature would seem superfluous. The interesting fact is that in early life you were unable to learn to read, but at sixteen you taught yourself and thenceforward spent your few pence on books. From labourer to dramatist and prize-winner is no mean feat. It shows what can be done when genius has pluck behind it.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. P. M. STEWART:—"The cure for dear houses is to build more."

To others, not interested in brick-making, cheaper bricks would seem one good part of the cure.

* * *

REV. H. DUNNICO:—"The Foreign Secretary ought to be impeached."

It will do equally well if he is quietly superseded.

* * *

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—"In finance everything that is agreeable is sound and everything that is disagreeable is unsound."

Clever word-twisting that does nothing to hide rotten finance.

Without Fear or Favour — *by The Editor*

KILLING THE "BABY"!

A Housing Bombshell

THE housing subsidy in its present form is to cease on October 1. Already the Minister of Health has given the country a preliminary warning that after that date the Government's grant in aid of new houses will be substantially reduced.

In other words, the "economaniacs" are off on a new scent. First the schools, then the Health Insurance funds, now the housing of the people.

As regards housing, Ministers are at no pains to conceal their intentions. Their purpose is, at the earliest possible moment, to wash their hands of the housing problem, leaving private enterprise to overtake public needs.

It is significant that almost simultaneously with Mr. Chamberlain's announcement, Mr. Wheatley's Bill for controlling the prices of building materials has once more been rejected by the House of Commons.

The Government, while planning to reduce the State subsidy, acknowledges no responsibility for protecting the shorn lambs.

For the bulk of those who need houses the present cost of building is prohibitive, while there seems to be less prospect than ever of the erection of houses for letting at rents within the capacity of the wage-earning classes.

Yet this is the moment chosen by the Minister of Health to reveal the utter bankruptcy of the Government's policy on this burning question. On the plea of economy the State is to shirk its responsibilities, close its eyes to a glaring social evil, and deliver the homeless into the hands of the profiteers.

The names of Chamberlain is of evil omen in these days.

Judicial Murder

IT is a hopeful sign of the times when a lawyer-politician of Lord Buckmaster's eminence declares himself an out-and-out opponent of capital punishment.

Hanging, Lord Buckmaster bluntly insists, is judicial murder. "If we believe life to be the most mysterious and sacred of things," he argues, "we are deliberately desecrating and degrading it by meting out capital punishment to the offender who has himself taken life."

Many people will reject this lofty argument. The life of a murderer, they contend, is not a sacred thing, but an evil incubus.

This view of the matter, natural as it is, seems to miss the real point. Capital punishment is objectionable not so much on account of its cruelty to the criminal as of its demoralising effect on the community.

The gibbet is the emblem of barbarism. As civilisation advances the gallows is hidden from sight.

When a Home Secretary arrives at the conclusion that executions are not decent enough to be reported it cannot be long before the country decides to abolish their secret shame.

Snags in C.O.D.

WE congratulate the Government on its initiative in putting C.O.D. into operation, but we urge an immediate revision of the postal charges. Otherwise there is grave danger of the scheme being still-born

IT is in no spirit of captious criticism that we desire to take the Postmaster-General to task for the way in which he has launched the new Cash on Delivery system.

We regard the system as so important—both as a stimulus to trade and a blow at the profiteer and an enormous convenience to the consumer—that we cannot help feeling uneasy lest in its present form the scheme is still-born.

Mr. A. Moore Hogarth, who founded the National Cash On Delivery Association

Before we criticise, let us look at what other countries have done, for their experience is very much to the point.

In Denmark, which has used C.O.D. for seventy years, 1,238,000 C.O.D. parcels were posted in 1923–24, and the postal authorities there state: "System in force since 1854; no complaint has ever reached the Post Office against it."

The system has been in force in Germany since 1874. In 1913 73,983,740 C.O.D. parcels were posted to the value of £78,056,000, and in 1923 12,440,300 parcels were posted. The German comment on the service is: "No opposition experienced; service regarded as almost indispensable; no harm done to retail trade; is equally advantageous to large transport businesses as to small tradesmen."

In Hungary in 1923 1,095,329 parcels were posted C.O.D., and the report is: "Retail business not adversely affected."

C.O.D. was introduced into India in 1878, and in 1920–21 11,512,285 C.O.D. articles were posted. Respecting this service Sir Geoffrey Clarke, Director-General of Posts and Telegraphs in India, says the increase in this business is "marvellous," and states that it is now used generally by all retail firms.

As regards Canada, the Postmaster-General of that country says in his report for 1924: "C.O.D. was established in October, 1922, and has been appreciated by all classes of the business public, particularly the retailers and repairs firms, and has shown a very substantial increase since it was introduced."

In 1922–23 357,092 C.O.D. parcels were posted, and in 1923–24 it had nearly doubled, no fewer than 667,700 parcels going C.O.D.

Now in all these countries where C.O.D. has been such a success, special postage rates have been introduced for C.O.D. parcels. In India and South Africa the Governments have been even more far-sighted than this, for there no C.O.D. charge whatever has been made above the ordinary postal charge, the profit coming from the tremendously increased postal business resulting from C.O.D.

WE cannot, therefore, wax very enthusiastic over the system in this country so long as, on top of the ordinary parcel postage charges, a C.O.D. fee of 4d. is imposed in addition on parcels to the value of 10s. or less.

Whilst the system as at present envisaged will certainly be of enormous benefit to a very large section of the trading community who can well afford to pay these charges, the men whom C.O.D. is primarily designed to help—namely, the small-holder, and those engaged in small rural industries, the one-man or one-woman business—are put completely out of court from the start.

At the moment C.O.D. is merely a new form of distribution, whereas it should be an eliminator of the middleman, a lowerer of prices and a boon to both the small retailer and the small consumer.

We congratulate the Government wholeheartedly on having had the courage to introduce the system, but we urge it to go a step further; to look at the experience of practically every other country in the world and to do the thing properly by instituting special rates and lower charges.

The Bubble Bursts

IT is not often that one little book stirs the whole of English industry. This fate has been left to Mr. Bertrand Austin and Mr. W. Francis Lloyd to accomplish.

In "The Secret of High Wages" they have put their own observations gained during a tour through the biggest business places of the United States.

Their conclusions should give the final knock-out to those who hold that bringing down wages is the best means of settling the unemployment problem.

Wherever these two young engineers went in America they were struck by the total absence of the outward and visible signs of poverty such as are all too evident in British towns.

They saw no beggars, no street singers. There were no ragged children. This was not due to America's natural resources, or her wealth of coal, copper, cotton, steel, oil, and so forth. Nature holds these things. She leaves it to man to turn them into articles of use and exchange and barter.

This country, too, is rich in natural products. But we have not pursued the same enlightened policy in developing them.

We have not grasped the principle that it pays better to sell a big output at a low profit than a small output at a high price.

Employers and employed do not work together as in America. American manufacturers never hesitate to scrap machinery, however costly, if business is improved thereby.

And, finally, America is an electrically-run country. Electricity, cheap and efficient, is her trump card.

When we show the same spirit, the same intelligent enterprise, our towns will prosper. Unemployment will be banished and neither will little English children go in rags.

K.G.—Kindly Go!

THE specious excuses with which the Foreign Secretary seeks to explain away his blunders will not bear an instant's examination.

From the moment the Treaty of Locarno was signed every consideration of honour and prudence demanded the speedy election of Germany to a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations. Honesty and wisdom alike required that the British Government should pursue this aim with single-minded zeal.

Instead, Sir Austen Chamberlain deliberately connived at the shabby manœuvres which at Geneva came near to shattering the whole fabric of the League. The blame for the final disaster cannot be wholly fastened upon France and Italy, but must be borne in equal measure by Great Britain. Such is the humiliation to which a great nation can be brought by one man's apathy to its best ideals.

Sir Austen Chamberlain has committed what in a democratic community is the unforgiveable sin. He has made us seem worse than we are.

Such blunders are crimes. He must go

A Tragic Joke

by **"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"**

DEEP down in the hearts of the people is a sincere yearning for peace among the nations. No amount of political junketing will upset this resolve. Whilst it remains paramount the war-mongers can never accomplish their plundering aims

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P. Prime Minister, who is an apostle of tranquillity

AN old peasant, carrying a white rag as a sign of peace, came down from his mud hut in the mountains, and presented himself before the general commanding the Spanish forces in Morocco.

"My general," said he, "I am told that it is your Excellency's intention to open a bombardment to-morrow morning on my little home perched yonder in the hills."

"Well?" demanded the grand Christian European, whose breast was blazing with ribbons.

"And I am told," continued the old peasant, "that it will cost your Excellency perhaps a hundred pounds before my little home is blown into dust."

"What has that to do with you?" asked the General.

"Well, your Excellency," explained the old Riff, "I have talked this matter over with my wife and children, and we have decided to put forward an offer which seems to us as good business for your great nation as undoubtedly it will be for us.

"Give me fifty pounds, your Excellency, and I will save you the expense of shelling my little home by myself knocking it down with an axe."

A stupendous outlay

This story, over which sensible Spaniards laugh very heartily, not only brings the absurd arithmetic of the military mind into the cool light of ridicule, but suggests that if humanity could be persuaded to exercise its native good sense, we might soon be delivered from the greatest curse and the most scandalous shame of our Christian civilisation—not only war, but clashing conflict of every kind.

Eight years ago the chief nations of Europe were thinking with a tremendous mental strain of little else but how they might most successfully cut the throats of their adversaries.

To-day, the statesmen of those same nations are politely crossing and recrossing one another's frontiers with little else in their minds but an anxious or nervous desire to establish some form of friendly co-operation.

The cost to Europe of arriving at this reasonable and neighbourly condition of mind, in addition to a vast money debt which will impoverish her for a century, was the murderous death of 7,000,000 men, and the brutal mauling and maiming of over 20,000,000 men.

The uppermost desire

When we look back on those years of war, however, we see, if we look deeply enough, something in the nature of a miracle.

We see that while the mind of Europe was concentrated with a fierce, fixed, and ferocious intensity on the business of murder, the invisible soul of humanity (the force which really makes history) was in some mysterious and indefinable way pushing forward to the sanity of peace.

At the time it seemed to us (we who were breathing the atmosphere of hell) as if hate could never exhaust itself, and that for our lifetime at least it would be as inconceivable for a German to walk about the streets of London as for an Englishman to walk about the streets of Berlin.

The sky was red, and we saw red—nothing else.

But there's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will with high explosives and poison-gases.

The profoundest thinker is now insisting that the only history which deserves our attention is that history which traces this mysterious power of Divinity in the clumsy affairs of humanity.

That this same mysterious Power, which worked for peace during the conflagration of Europe, is now working for peace in the midst of troubled Britain is apparent to anyone who gives serious heed to the affairs of mankind.

Sabre-rattling out of date

Mr. Winston Churchill spoke recently of the extraordinary change which has overtaken British politics in quite recent years. Gone are the days of "slashing exchanges" between Conservative leader and Liberal leader.

Never again shall we see a Gladstone and a Disraeli, or a Randolph Churchill and a Joseph Chamberlain, absorbing the political attention of the country.

"In the main," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "all Parties in the State are trying to fight the problems of the day."

From my own knowledge I can say that a friendship of the truest kind exists between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, neither of whom doubts for one single moment that the other is deeply and religiously earnest in his desire to serve the nation.

There are signs, too, that a similar spirit is at work in the more difficult field of economics.

Men like Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. A. J. Cook, the Hohenzollerns of politics, may persuade themselves that they are on the side of the Divinity which shapes the great ends of the universe, but to one who carefully observes the whole field of British life it is apparent that these violent sabre-rattlers are "back numbers."

The working classes of the country are more and more unmistakably showing the good sense of the old Riff who attempted to make a bargain with the Spanish General.

They are learning to see that conflict does not pay. They are beginning to seek for some rational way of getting their ends which does not imperil the foundations of the national welfare.

There is, in fact, a spirit at work in our minds which is opposed to slashing exchanges of any kind, whether between soldier and soldier, politician and politician, or employer and employed. All forms of conflict are seen to be wasteful and hurtful.

And though we have not yet arrived at a moment in which unity, co-operation, and unselfish sympathy are clearly seen to be the only means of achieving the final triumphs of humanity, this growing realisation of conflict as a chief enemy of mankind is bound to lead us, if we faithfully follow it, into the prosperous way of peace.

I believe Mr. Winston Churchill sees deeply into the spirit of history when he says that instead of the old political conflict, "we have a heroic and triumphant generation exhausted, oppressed with difficulties, yet assured of victory, inspired with hope, facing vast, indefinite problems which are not solved but are not insoluble."

The conquering spirit

In this spirit, if it holds, we can conquer every difficulty in our path, and against the solid good sense of the British people, fortified by this same spirit, the mischievous tactics of our political Hohenzollerns will be shivered into nothingness.

It takes humanity a long time to learn even its most elementary lessons. Æsop knew thoroughly what our statesmen, and our employers and employed, are now learning so hardly in the school of bitter experience and hard suffering.

But when once humanity discovers that unity really is strength, that co-operation really is power, and that unselfish sympathy is in solemn truth the law of God, it will not easily be stampeded by the fire-eaters of the hustings into the blunders of blood and thunder.

A Wicked

It is a cruel wrong, that while expenditure on armaments is still enormous, widows and fatherless children should be left in poverty

FEW reforms have been so eagerly awaited as the Widows' Pensions Act. Few Acts of Parliament have caused such bitter disappointment. Every post brings me pathetic, bewildered letters from widows who simply cannot understand why they are left out.

Miss E. Wilkinson, M.A., M.P.

Here are a few typical cases from hundreds of letters I have received since January.

A woman, aged fifty-four, whose husband had paid in since the commencement of the Insurance Act in 1911, was left a widow on December 29, 1925.

If the man had lived six days longer she would have been entitled to a pension of 10s. a week for life. As she has no children under fourteen, she gets nothing.

A still sadder case is that of a woman who writes: "My husband was a painter and decorator in a small way, just working on his own. Nine years ago I was left a widow with three children, the eldest four years old.

"I have worked to keep them ever since. With the exception of my short married life I have been a contributor to insurance since its commencement.

"Now I have to contribute for other women's pensions though I get nothing. My health is giving under the strain, and the pension would have made all the difference."

The injustice in this case is caused by the fact that a woman cannot qualify for a widow's pension on her own contributions, but only on those of her husband, though the total of her contributions may far exceed in value the qualifying number for a man, which is 104.

TERRIBLY pathetic are the cases of women with invalid children. One widow I know has a daughter aged seventeen, bedridden with hip disease, and a boy fourteen who is deaf and dumb.

She has struggled to bring up these children who are solely dependent upon her, but she will get no pension because they are over fourteen.

Yet women like these may see in their own street a girl of eighteen, left a widow without

The Man with the Rake

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. CHURCHILL has come a cropper. His promised reduction of expenditure has proved a farce. Grotesque cheeseparing of vital services is all that he has accomplished, and the taxpayer will be bled again in the most shameful manner

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, whose handling of the nation's finances shows no flash of genius

IN the course of a few days Mr. Churchill will bring in his new Budget. He is a fortunate man to have that task on this side of the English Channel instead of the other. There Minister after Minister is caught in the whirlpool and drowned, and the whole nation is rushing on to a catastrophe the course of which no one can forecast.

It may end in dictatorship; it may end in anarchy; it may throw up another Mussolini, destroy Parliamentary government and inaugurate a reign of force, castor-oil, and official assassination.

Whatever happens will be the result of one thing—the refusal to balance the Budget, which means the refusal to adopt such measures as are necessary to pay your way. If the individual does not pay his way he goes into bankruptcy, and if a nation does not pay its way it goes into anarchy, confusion and disruption.

That is what is happening to France. And the lesson should not be lost on us. If we are in a happier position than France it is not because we have not had the same difficulties to face, but because we have faced them.

We are still facing them, and though we are beginning to feel the ground firm under our feet the struggle is not over.

Searching our pockets

The outstanding and ugly fact which Mr. Churchill will have to announce to Parliament in his Budget speech is that he has failed to get our expenditure down by a copper. He has taken £800,000,000 out of our pockets this year, and he will demand £800,000,000 next year.

It is more than four times what we had to pay before the war, and it means that there is no escape from the terrific burdens of income-tax and duties on this, that and the other necessaries like sugar and tea, luxuries like tobacco and beer.

Indeed, as I shall show later, there is the certainty that even this stupendous total of expenditure will be increased in the near future.

Why has Mr. Churchill failed? Why has the mountain in labour produced only the wretched mouse of the Economy Bill? Let us be just to him. Even if he were a heaven-born financier, he would not be able to work miracles.

The major part of that enormous expenditure is irreducible by any art or craft. Take the war pensions. They amount to nearly one-eighth of the total; they have to be paid. Not even the wiseacres of the Rothermere Press would dare to propose to stop them.

A trumpery gleaning

Then there is the interest on war debt, which accounts for more than three-eighths of the total. That cannot be repudiated without destroying the whole financial structure of society.

A large part of that interest represents what we are paying because our French and Italian debtors don't pay. We lent them the money and now we are taxed to meet the interest on their debt to America and to ourselves. This alone costs us 2s. in the pound on the income-tax.

Thus we account for more than half of our expenditure before we have touched the cost of the services of the nation.

It is when we come to those services that we see the failure of Mr. Churchill and the Government. He has gone round with his economy rake, and he pinched in the wrong place and left the great fields of wasteful expenditure untouched.

All his raking and economies amount only to a trifle of £7,000,000, and that trumpery gleaning is taken from two of the most vital services of the nation—education and insurance.

I call them the most vital because they go to the roots of our social well-being. Education is the most reproductive service we have. Every pound we spend comes back to us in the physical and mental efficiency of the people.

The more we spend on the training of our children to be good, capable, healthy citizens, the less we spend on prisons, reformatories, sanatoria and police. A good citizen is an asset; a bad citizen is a liability, and the business of education is to make the first and abolish the second.

And it is to this supreme work of building up the State that Mr. Churchill has gone to effect a part of his trumpery economies.

His second expedient is as bad. The most beneficent social achievements of this country in this century have been the establishment of national insurance and old-age pensions. They have kept the nation steady.

We have had an unexampled experience of trade depression and unemployment, but we have got through it all without revolution, and with a population well fed, well clothed and not seriously discontented.

Merely as a social insurance the money we have spent on these services has been the best investment against unrest and disturbance.

And it is these great and priceless services that Mr. Churchill is nibbling at for his pitiful economies.

Eye-opening contrasts

Contrast this cheeseparing at the expense of the children and of the health and wellbeing of the people with what has happened in regard to the landowners.

Under the Agricultural Rates Act of 1896 they were relieved of half the rates on the land—for though the tenant pays the rates the landlord is enabled to raise the rents proportionately—and in 1922–23 another 25 per cent. relief was given. This latter relief alone is equal to all the economies of the precious Economy Bill.

Thus we see no economy at all, but the transfer of money saved on the children and on the insurance of the people handed over to an interest which is very well able to take care of itself.

Meanwhile, what has been done in that great field of expenditure where alone we can look for economies? The thing that is bleeding the country white is military expenditure. It is costing us three times as much as before the war. And the end is not yet.

With the German navy, the only menace we had in the world, at the bottom of Scapa Flow, we are building a vast fleet of new ships which do not yet appear seriously in the estimates, but which will cost us £56,000,000, and we have started on a naval base at Singapore which will land us in unthinkable expenditure and an inevitable collision in the Pacific.

Real economy—with prosperity!

What is the use of pinching shillings from the education of the children and from the insurance of the workers, while the millions are running out into the Pacific? That is the question which Mr. Churchill should be called upon to face.

Not until we have stopped this waste can we hope to lower our taxes and to make ourselves financially secure. An understanding with France that would stop the insane competition in aerial navies would alone save us pounds for the pence we squeeze out of the schools.

And a disarmament agreement under the League of Nations would mean such relief that trade would rise with a bound and the long winter of unemployment would vanish from our land.

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ed Injustice

By ELLEN WILKINSON, M.A., M.P.

children, who will draw a pension of 10s. a week for life because her husband died after January 4 of this year. Is this common-sense?

IT would take about £200,000 the first year, diminishing each year, to help the pre-1926 widows. According to the Government actuary, the scheme will show a surplus the first year of £1,800,000 after all benefits have been paid; the second year a surplus of £9,000,000, and the third year £5,500,000.

It is estimated that the savings in unemployment and disablement benefits will be £2,300,000 a year for the first ten years, and in poor relief £7,000,000. There is, therefore, no excuse for perpetuating these injustices.

The unmarried women workers are bitterly resentful of their treatment under the Act. For their weekly 2d. they will get no benefit except the pension at sixty-five instead of seventy. But they will not get even that unless they remain in insured employment until they are sixty-two.

A woman who falls out of employment at, say, sixty-one will lose all she has paid in unless she can afford to become a voluntary contributor at much higher rates of contributions.

How many single women in manual occupation can keep their jobs to anything like the age of sixty-two? The difficulty is often to find work for the woman of fifty.

Most women's industries are very badly paid. The woman living on her own has to economise in food and clothes. Those living at home often have to help with the housework after a long day in the shop or the mill.

Prematurely aged at fifty, these women drift through the employment exchanges. However hard they try, there is little hope of their securing employment. Very few households would care to take an untrained woman of that age as a domestic servant.

WHEN she has exhausted her standard insurance benefit, she has to be told by the employment exchange officials that, as there is no reasonable prospect of securing employment, she is debarred by the Act from extended benefit. Her payments lapse, and she will therefore lose all she has paid in towards her pension.

If it is impossible to grant an alternative pension in such sad cases, surely the surrender value of what she has paid in should be returned to her. Almost any insurance company would be prepared to do as much.

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THE AIRMAN BURGLAR

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION

How Scotland Yard was Foiled

A FEW years ago Scotland Yard was baffled by a series of amazing mansion-house burglaries in various parts of England. Our Investigation Department took the matter in hand, and ultimately formed a shrewd suspicion as to the identity of the master-mind.

Before our enquiries were completed, this person, Charles Arthur Hellier, an ex-captain in the Air Force, was convicted and sentenced to a term of three years' imprisonment.

Immediately on his release, not long ago, we got in touch with him when we obtained an unexpected verification of our theory. He confessed his whole story, which we are now able to give to the public:—

* * *

Through JOHN BULL I am revealing for the first time the secret of the baffling manor-house and country-house robberies which, continuing from 1920 till 1923, defied all the attempts at elucidation on the part of Scotland Yard experts.

It is the confession of Britain's only airman crook.

Spying out the land

I served in the R.A.F. and obtained my pilot's wings and a very thorough knowledge of aeronautics.

It was this war-gained knowledge which made possible and led up to the numerous country-house burglaries all over England.

I obtained an appointment with a well-known aerial photographic company. It was my duty to canvass for orders for aerial pictures of large firms, estates and country houses.

I first dealt with Nottingham, Derby and Leicester. The area did not lend itself to my purposes, so I flew to other counties, using the firm's name as an introduction, and succeeded in obtaining some very excellent aerial photographs of large mansions and firms.

My lady partner

Equipped with much valuable data I drew to my side two of the most noted safe-breakers known in international crime who, acting under my instructions, plundered to the extent of more than £40,000 the most famous mansions in the country.

Having amassed a considerable number of pictures of large houses I commenced to take an active interest in those columns in *The Times* dealing with country mansions for sale or lease.

My plans entailed the most careful scrutinising of all such residences to be let for a period. A Frenchwoman called Yvonne, the divorced wife of a French major, was my aide.

When I observed a property which figured on the list of photographs I had in my possession, the agents concerned were approached by Yvonne in the guise of prospective purchaser or tenant. She carried with her most impeccable references—forged.

Yvonne sometimes paid as many as half a dozen such visits to estate agents before we finally alighted upon a likely house. Always I chose the residence of someone of note whose social engagements might be easily discovered.

Thus it happened that we ensured a careful look around each of the mansions we intended to burgle at a convenient date. A servant from the household, invariably the butler, escorted us around the house.

Charles Arthur Hellier

Upon Yvonne devolved at intervals the duty of attracting the attention of the servant while I made an accurate although rough sketch-plan.

From the keys which I handled I obtained wax impressions of those appertaining to rooms which I contemplated visiting.

A lift for the loot

That same day I had the indoor plan of the mansion completed and keys cut to the impressions. There was never an occasion but I found my aerial pictures most helpful to me in preparing these plans.

When the real game opened Yvonne and I drove down in our powerful touring-car with the two men who were to commit the actual burglary.

Switching off our lights Yvonne and I waited while the cracksmen, with a pair of thick woollen socks over their light shoes, made their way to the mansion.

The keys reposed in numbered sections of a cloth belt around the waist of one of my confederates. Working accurately to plan, he would slide his fingers along the belt until he felt the number of the section, indicated by raised studs, on the covering, which corresponded with each room to be ransacked.

The Channel journey

Within two to three hours of returning to London I had disposed of the stolen jewellery, plate and smaller curios or miniatures. The larger articles such as valuable oil-paintings which the West End "fence" had been afraid to handle, I packed carefully for a trip across the Channel.

I was able to hire an aeroplane in order to transfer the booty to France.

Leaving England by air presented no difficulties. Landing upon French soil was a different matter altogether. I was obliged to carry with me authentic documents.

I overcame the difficulty by advertising in the *Telegraph* for six ex-Army pilots, requesting them to forward their credentials.

I had over two hundred replies. From these Yvonne and I sorted out photographs in any way resembling myself and we eventually alighted upon one which might very well have been of me.

I then assumed the identity of this officer, providing myself with all his papers and records.

To allay any suspicion a lengthy retention of his papers might arouse in the mind of this officer I sent him £100 as an option upon his services.

How the booty was carried

Yvonne accompanied me on these flights. We took off at Hendon at night. Crossing the Channel at Dungeness I made direct south.

Having studied the airmen's chart I would contrive to pick up one of the air liners just as it was crossing the French coast.

Then I would climb to 2,000 ft. above the other and a little to the rear, so that the drone of my machine would not be distinguished.

When the huge flare of Le Bourget Aerodrome was sighted I planed down with my engine shut off.

Within a mile of the landing area was the copse where I had already previously decided to drop my booty, which was carried in a special canister fastened securely to a parachute.

An accomplice was waiting with a car to drive Yvonne to the Berkeley in the Avenue Martignon. He was one of the gang who operated on the Continent with the now famous "Bludger Bill," and who was undertaking the disposal of the paintings and miniatures in America.

On the way to the Berkeley a halt was made and search for the parachute took place.

Selling the pictures

I returned to England with the aeroplane, travelling back by air as soon as possible, this time as a passenger. By this time the valuable canvases had been transformed. Fantastic cubist and vorticist imagery had been painted over the real pictures.

Receipts for the purchase of these pictures from a certain dealer in Paris were in my pocket when I crossed to the States with the pictures in my possession.

The pictures eventually found their way into the hands of a certain gentleman in Philadelphia. He paid one-third of their value, which left a considerable margin after generous expenses had been defrayed.

* * *

Scotland Yard now knows for the first time how the mansion robberies were carried out. Here is a new link between crime and science which the police would do well to bear in mind.

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is unrivalled. Every garment made to your special measures. Go where you will, investigate even the most tempting sale offers ever placed before you, yet, never, could you secure such value as this wonderful All Wool Suit to measure represents. Then think about our amazing guarantee—a pledge never before extended in the whole history of tailoring—and you must surely, at once, realise that ours is a Tailoring Service without parallel. We will forfeit 2/6 more than you pay if we fail to satisfy you completely and utterly.

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A LONDON SHRUNK, TWO-FOLD PURE WORSTED YARN, 100% ALL WOOL **BLUE SERGE SUIT** Made to your Special Measures for **£3:3:0**

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Send for 1/- Ticket in answer to this great appeal, and help the Willesden Hospital to carry on its splendid work.
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Bang goes Saxpence.

" Far frae ma hame I wandered
An' I shall no' return
Till the Taffy's in ma tummy,
An' the tin is in the burn ! "

Sharp's Super - Kreem Toffee — the universal choice of all on account of its delicious flavour, its purity and goodness. Milk, cream, butter, eggs and sugar, blended to perfection to make a toothsome sweetmeat irresistible to everybody.

Eat only the Best Toffee

6d. per ¼lb.

HAVE YOU TRIED all these flavours? Plain, Home-made, Cocoanut, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond Brazil, Mint, Assorted or alone. 6d. per ½-lb.

SPECIAL NOTICE Every piece of Super Kreem Toffee bears the name "Sharp." Refuse all imitations.

SHARP'S BEST TOFFEE IS Super-Kreem

EDWARD SHARP & SONS, LTD. MAIDSTONE.

MORE ASSURANCE SWINDLES

THE BOGUS INSPECTOR FRAUD

Where Exchange is Robbery

THE evidence in support of our charges against the great industrial assurance companies is inexhaustible. In a series of articles over several weeks we have unfolded a story of trickery and swindling of poor people which has no parallel in history.

Much yet remains to be told. There is, for example, the case of the "special canvasser." In him we have epitomised the whole knavery of the system, which knows no other god than profits, and which will stoop to almost anything to get them.

Through him, too, we have revealed the iniquitous conditions under which the ordinary agents for years past have been compelled to follow their calling.

Through the efforts of the "special canvasser," there are millions of policies in existence to-day, the premiums on which have been obtained by fraud, the assured values being very much less than the holders imagine them to be.

A disgraceful wangle

Years ago, the practice became fairly general for district superintendents to engage men on their own authority to make special tours for the purpose of livening things up.

As often as not these fellows posed as "chief officials," although they were not employed or paid by the companies. Their reward was 60 per cent. of the agent's commission on the new business.

Agents were compelled to take them round from door to door and introduce them to policy-holders. They professed to have special authority from "head office" to give special benefits to old subscribers under certain new tables.

Their object, too often successful, was to induce policy-holders of many years standing to give up their original policies in favour of new ones, on the understanding that the values outstanding would be transferred to the new contract.

As a fact, however, no such transference was made. The new contracts did *not* carry the value of the old policies, *and every penny paid up to date on the latter was lost.*

Staggering discovery

There are hundreds of thousands of dupes to-day who, at one time or other, have exchanged old policies for new at the instigation of these irresponsible rascals, and who are quite unaware of the robbery. They imagine that the value of the two policies will ultimately be paid, when, in fact, only one is in existence.

William Knight, a Nottingham man, paid, for a number of years, one penny per week on each of nine policies taken out on the lives of his children.

He was induced by one of these bogus inspectors to give up the original policies, and enter into nine new contracts at a premium of 2d. per week, on the understanding that the money paid to date would stand to his credit.

He continued for some years more on the new basis, when another of the oily tongued gentlemen called and persuaded him to scrap five of the policies on the lives of his youngest children, and take out fresh ones at 6d. per week each. Again he was told that the value of the old policies was incorporated in the new.

Finally a day came when Mr. Knight counted on drawing some money. He had paid in about £60, and expected to receive £50. To his astonishment he discovered that he could only draw £8 16s., having lost everything paid on the policies which he "exchanged." A scene of violence ensued, and little wonder!

Sir W. S. Kinnear, K.B.E., Industrial Assurance Commissioner, Ministry of Health

Another typical instance is that of John Cook, an agricultural labourer of Farnsfield. He had a large family, but out of his small wage he managed to keep up various policies, until his premiums totalled 2s. 6d. per week.

The same trick was played on him, until he ultimately discovered that for £30 paid in, he could only receive a return of £4.

Sticking to the plunder

Some staggering facts can be given about the personnel of this corps of expert business-getters, who were responsible directly to no company, and whose system of payment by commission was a deliberate incentive to trickery.

In one North Country town a man arrived one day in absolute rags. He was met at the station by the district superintendent of a well-known company. In a few hours he appeared in a frock-coat and "topper," and proceeded to make a tour of the policy-holders in the district as a "chief inspector from the head office"!

He afterwards confessed to all kinds of misrepresentation and fraud, including several exercises in forgery! Of course the company were not responsible for what he did, for they did not employ him! Nevertheless they stuck to the profits he made.

GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

Our Industrial Assurance Bureau exists for the purpose of helping readers to recover money wrongfully withheld by the companies. If you are in doubt write to "John Bull" about it, marking the envelope "Industrial Assurance."

Certain abuses in this connection were ended by the passing of the Insurance Act of 1923, which prohibits the "special canvasser." We still await legislation which will force the companies to disgorge the staggering profits made through his instrumentality.

And although he has disappeared, his place has been taken in the great cause of "new business" by employees of the companies, whose methods leave much to be desired.

The following letter from an agent speaks for itself:

"As an agent of nearly thirty years standing, I may say that I have seen many cases of cruel hardship, and I have been heartily ashamed of the occupation in which I am engaged.

"I have no hesitation in asserting that millions of policies in force to-day exist owing to the lies told to the holders by these bogus inspectors of policies.

The agent's shame

"It is true that the Industrial Insurance Act of 1923 prohibits this class of canvassing, but the companies have got round it by appointing men as inspectors, etc., in order to evade the provisions of the Act.

"In the city in which I happen to be employed there is working with the company I represent a man who is calling upon policy-holders and by tricks and dodges inducing them to either increase their existing policies or enter into new contracts altogether.

"We poor agents have to pay this man five-sixths of his salary out of the commission we obtain from the business he does. We are not asked whether we should employ these men. They are sent to us, and we have to pretend that they are high officials from the company.

"After having spent all the best years of our life in the service of the company, we dare not say anything, but have to stand by and see these poor policy-holders induced to enter into contracts which we know quite well are iniquitous."

Forced to dishonesty

Or take this from a second agent, one of many who have written to congratulate us on our exposures of industrial assurance:

"I have known honest men take up an agency, who have been forced to do wrong by the coercion of the company's officials. There are cases where, in desperation, they have gone into public-houses and taken out new proposals with anyone they met, in order to save their jobs.

"I trust that you will make such facts clear to the public, so that the deluded policy-holders will lay the blame at the door of those who are really guilty."

Could any criticism be more damning?

AN OLD FRIEND
A NEW PRICE

The price of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" *is now* 1/6 *and* 2/6
(FORMERLY 1/9 AND 3/-)

The quality remains the same. There is no change whatever in the size and contents of the bottle.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT
NEW PRICES
1/6 & 2/6
FORMERLY 1/9 AND 3/-

ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is made as carefully and responsibly as ever. In every particle of its safe and salutary ingredients it will be exactly the same.

ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is made by people who make nothing else and whose mind and purpose are wholly bent on making this one thing. *This is an unusual and important fact. Practice—for more than fifty years—has made perfect.*

DOCTORS approve of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" because it contains nothing and does nothing save for your undoubted good. You never heard a doctor disapprove of anyone's taking it or blame anyone for giving it to man, woman or child.

WHERE your health is concerned, only the best is really cheap. Effectual, yet safe, pure and medically correct, ENO'S "Fruit Salt" has for fifty years been the sovereign household remedy of our time. *There is no substitute for ENO'S "Fruit Salt."*

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"

Of Chemists everywhere in two sizes—1/6 and (Household size—double quantity) 2/6. A little book on health—"The Game of Life"—post free from J. C. ENO, Ltd., P.O. Box 671, London, E.C.4.

KENSITAS

'YOUR KENSITAS, SIR!'

'AHEM—I beg your pardon—'

'Say no more, Jenkyn. An Eton crop can be a harrowing sight. Anyhow, my case is empty.'

'Perhaps, miss, you would care to fill it with the captain's cigarettes. Kensitas, miss. He won't smoke any other kind.'

'Oh, I know. As good as really good cigarettes can be.'

'Yes, miss. Good enough, if I may say so, even for a young lady as particular as yourself.'

''Nuff said, Jenkyn. I always smoke them, anyway.'

* * *

TEN KENSITAS COST SIXPENCE, TWENTY A SHILLING

LARGE SIZE, 1/5 FOR TWENTY

CIGARETTES

"Ooh! That CORN"

TAKE IT OUT SO THAT IT WON'T COME BACK

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. That doesn't do any good it may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of **Reudel Bath Saltrates** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come root and all.

The refined **Reudel Bath Saltrates** costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

B·B·C

BRITAIN'S BEST COUGH CURE

"There is no doubt Lobelline is a marvellous remedy for coughs, colds and all chest and lung complaints. I always keep a bottle of Lobelline in the house ready to hand now." Lobelline acts like magic in all cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, influenza, sore throat, etc.

LOBELLINE IS SOLD IN BOTTLES 1/3, 3/-, 5/-. LOZENGES, 1/3 and 3/-.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR

GEE'S LOBELLINE

The Great Lung Protector

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BRANCHES OF BOOTS, NEEDHAMS, SQUIRES AND OF ALL CHEMISTS

Or Post Free from Stirchley Labs., Birmingham.

FREE! A Postcard brings 64-page Medical Guide FREE from Dept. J.B. STIRCHLEY LABS., BIRMINGHAM

In Sunshine Ward

A GENTLEMAN OF THE KERB

The Human Touch

by PHILIP INMAN

IN my post-bag the other day was this letter:

"DEAR SIR,—In this week's JOHN BULL you tell the touching story of Meggie, 'The Blind Angel,' and you show how she remains cheerful and bright in spite of her sad misfortunes. For sixteen years I have been a newsboy in the East End, and as I have only one eye I know something of what it must mean to lose the sight of both.

"I have the greatest pleasure in enclosing 17s. 6d., and hope that it will bring little Meggie some happiness.—Yours, NEWSBOY.

"P.S.—Within the next few days I will send you a few dolls for your Sunshine Babes."

* * *

My readers will forgive me if I say that, of all the letters and presents I received for little Meggie, and they were many, none touched me more than the offering of this newsboy.

I know not who he is, but if he reads these words, I hope he will come to see me. I should count it an honour to shake his hand and to thank him in person.

As soon as I received his letter, I sat down and wrote to Meggie, as she had left the hospital and had gone back to her home in North London. This is what I said:

"DEAR LITTLE MEGGIE,—I have just had sent to me the enclosed postal order for 17s. 6d. It comes from a newsboy who earns his living in the East End of London. I do not know who he is, but I know a little of the neighbourhood where he must spend his days.

"Of all places in London, it can be bitterly cold down Whitechapel way, and I can see this boy as he calls himself, this gentleman I should prefer to call him, striding up and down those dark and gloomy streets selling his newspapers.

"His wages can't be very much, but he wants to share what he has with you, and he hopes that his gift will make you very happy. He, too, knows what it is to have trouble, for he has lost the sight of one of his eyes.

"But I am sure that, like you, he gets a great deal of joy out of life because he brings sunshine to others.—Yours affectionately, "PHILIP INMAN."

* * *

And now I have had Meggie's reply:

"DEAR MR. INMAN,—Mum read me your letter and we both cried. But it was not because it didn't make us happy, because it did. If I knew where this kind gentleman lived, I would write him a letter and I would tell him that I am so happy because he has been so good to me.

"I am going to put the money into my money-box, and then when my brothers and sisters have their Sunday-school treat I will be able to give them some of it to spend, and I have wanted to buy Mum some slippers for a long time.

"Mum says I must keep some of it for myself, so I am going to buy some wool and knit. I would not like him to be cold when he goes out with his papers, and I shall ask God to-night when I say my prayers to make him warm.

"I send you a big kiss and a lot of love.—Yours lovingly,

"MEGGIE."

* * *

In his great book, "Sartor Resartus," Carlyle asks the question: "What is the object of your life? Is it merely to enjoy yourself? Then you are but little better than the beast, which eats and drinks and grows and perishes. Or is it to make some nook of God's creation a little more worthy of Him: some human heart a little happier; some broken body a little better? Then in that way you will live."

This London newsboy has discovered Carlyle's secret of life.

The Sentence of the Court

Austen's Lost Halo

Locarno Pact: Geneva "Packing"

CHARGED with being an accessory after the fact in a conspiracy to prevent Germany entering the Council of the League of Nations, Sir Austen Chamberlain fixed his eye-glass in his eye, "registered" offended dignity, and was proceeding to discourse of his "honour" when he was called to order.

"It is a habit with Sir Austen," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "to defend his honour whenever anybody attacks his intelligence; but if a master mariner steers his ship on to the rocks he does not disprove a charge of incompetence by passionately challenging his accusers to show that he has ever been guilty of bigamy.

"Sir Austen doubtless left Geneva with clean hands, but he certainly went there with a muddled mind. A straightforward statement that he stood for the admission of Germany, and Germany only, to the League Council would have obviated the subsequent pitiful display of wire-pulling, of which M. Briand was the instigator, and leg-pulling, of which Sir Austen was the victim.

"The Geneva tragedy really dates back to early post-war days when the French peasant was encouraged to dream of acquiring mythical wealth from a bankrupt Germany.

"The French politicians who hatched this confidence trick have always looked with misgiving toward the day when a rehabilitated Germany would be brought into the comity of nations, and now, thanks to the trickiness of foreign diplomatists and the incompetence of the British Foreign Minister, this wished-for event has again been postponed."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the failure at Geneva had come about because the British Press and public prematurely interfered and expressed an opinion about a matter regarding which they were not competent to judge. In any case, Germany had not previously intimated that she would not join the Council unless she was the only Power admitted.

* * *

"Germany," said Mr. Justice Bull, "did not provide the intimation mentioned because she did not suppose that the Locarno 'pact' would be followed by a League Council 'packed' against her.

"If a man is invited to join a board of directors to represent certain interests, he does not imagine that at the same time other directors will be elected whose votes will prevent his having any real influence.

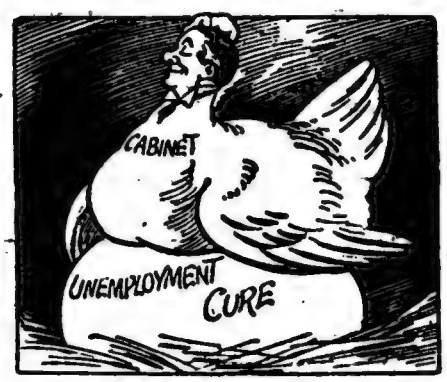
"On an occasion which called for frankness and open dealing, the prisoner resorted to the discredited methods of secret diplomacy. At Geneva the delegates themselves basked in the limelight while their proceedings were shrouded in darkness.

"Once before (I refer to the Mesopotamia medical scandal) the prisoner was credited with the best intentions and found guilty of the worst mismanagement.

"On that occasion he resigned the India Secretaryship, but as this time he shows no sign of following his own admirable example, I must direct that he be reduced to the rank of a peer and serve a life sentence in the House of Lords, where his pomposity may be appreciated and his incapacity will be less of a national danger."

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



No chick appears tho' now for years
Across the egg she's straddled,
It must be pot, or if it's not
It's long ago been addled.

This Ballot Scheme would make a theme
For comment quite unkind,
For ten per cent. was all that went
To help the needy blind!

The price we've paid for helping trade
Is vast, there's no denying;
How can we live if we're to give
As much as this for "dyeing"!

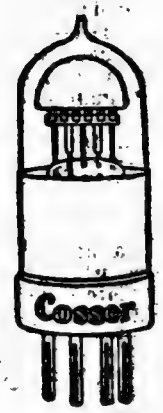
Heat

—the biggest thief in your Receiving Set

THERE'S a thief in your Receiving Set! The moment you close the filament switch he starts his deadly work. His name is Heat. Sometimes he works quickly and sometimes he works slowly. But all the time he is planning the destruction of your valves and stealing valuable hours of usefulness from their lives. For years science has been waging a stiff fight against his nefarious practices, and for years little or no impression could be made upon him. But at last there came a valve with a filament which made use of new principles—a valve which at one stroke definitely got to grips with this crippling influence — the Wuncell Dull Emitter.

Let's investigate further. The old bright emitter possessed a tungsten filament which required a very high temperature—as much as 2000°—in order to create the necessary stream of electrons. Such a temperature—coupled with the constant expansion and contraction of the filament—rapidly caused brittleness and disintegration. In other words, the intense heat — while necessary for the prolific production of electrons—robs the filament of many hours of usefulness. But if the temperature is reduced — then the electron stream is impoverished, too.

So other means had to be sought. Instead of tungsten, the Wuncell uses a filament which is built up layer upon layer under a secret process known only to Cossor. This external covering emits a copious supply of electrons at an extraordinarily low temperature. In fact, at 800° the Wuncell produces more electrons than a bright emitter valve does at 2000°. The Wuncell goes a long way towards banishing heat from the valve altogether — at all events 800° is no more than a dull red glow practically invisible in daylight. When you choose the Wuncell for your set, therefore, you get a valve which has the longest life of any because it is the only valve which so effectively reduces the ruinous influence of heat.



For 2-volt Accumulators.

W.1.	For Detector and L.F. use. Consumption: .3 amp.	14/-
W.2.	(With red top) for H.F. use. Consumption: .3 amp.	14/-
W.5.	The Loud Speaker Valve. Consumption: .5 amp.	18/6

For 2, 4 or 6 Volts.

W.R.1.	Similar to W.1, but with special resistance which can be short-circuited when not required	16/-
W.R.2.	Similar to W.2, but with resistance as above	16/-

Cossor Valves

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A name to conjure with

In the making of good toffee Sharp's stand without a peer. No sweetmeat is made with more scrupulous care. The best and purest ingredients—milk, cream, butter, eggs and sugar, allied to skilful blending, make

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

as near perfection as human skill can make it.

Eat only the Best Toffee

PER 6D QTR

HAVE YOU TRIED

all these flavours? Plain, Home-made, Cocoanut, Chocolate, Coffee, Almond, Brazil, Mint, assorted or alone. 6d. per ½lb.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The word "SUPER-KREEM" is printed on every wrapper. Refuse all imitations.

Words Winged to Women

ROGUES IN SHORT TROUSERS

The Spanking Lunatic

by **MABEL HORNER**

A FEW weeks ago there came before the magistrates at Leicester a bunch of little boys whose "badness" had reached intolerable limits. In their search for excitement these young bandits would lie down between railway lines to let trains thunder over their bodies. One young dare-devil was killed by the trick.

The "gang" loosened the cocks of a tank containing six tons of ammonia and nearly succeeded in poisoning a whole neighbourhood.

Leicester has no monopoly of such infant pirates. At Luton a boy of fourteen robs a safe belonging to his employer and succeeds in running off with £17 19s. 6d.

This infant Don Juan has become enamoured of the gigis whom he met in dancing and became very attentive, showing off, and buying them chocolates.

At Rochdale two youths of seventeen, in full war paint of masks and revolvers, raid a till while "holding up" the woman shopkeeper.

Stourbridge, in the person of Arnold Pilkington, not yet out of his 'teens, possesses a young rascal whom neither the birch rod nor imprisonment can tame. His exploits in stealing cycles and motor-cars result in money losses of hundreds. He is a puzzle to the police.

A distracting difficulty

The problem of the unmanageable child is not new. But it has grown to alarming proportions since the war. As Mr. Ammon, M.P., said lately:

"The aftermath of the war has left us with hundreds of children with wrecked nerves and mental systems, who are pathological cases and not criminals. The problem is bigger than many people think. Teachers in the schools report that they have the greatest difficulty in getting young children out of bad habits."

Just so. But that is only a very partial statement of the case. There are "bad" children whose wilfulness cannot under any logic be put down to the war. They are too little, or too remote from its influence, to suffer from its effects.

Their mothers write to me sometimes. I have letters from women who read JOHN BULL not only from all parts of this country, but from overseas, from remote outposts of empire. They are all confronted with the same problem, the child of tender years who is not amenable to any of their discipline.

One mother writes that her little boy has developed cruel tendencies. If left unguarded with the other children he will indulge in most outrageous tricks. He has tried to set the house on fire; he has tormented the cat.

Another mother seeks advice about her little girl of ten whose sole joy appears to be wilful disobedience and defiance.

Tell the truth

With these and similar harassed parents in mind, I sat the other night until the small hours, reading what eminent educationists of the most modern type have to say upon the matter.

One such is Mr. A. S. Neil, M.A., who in various parts of the world, and now in this country, has run schools for difficult children. He has written a book on "The Problem Child." His ideas run counter to most of those accepted by earnest parents. He always tells a child the exact truth when it seeks information on difficult problems.

He never "puts a child off" when it enquires about sex. He has proved that most juvenile offences of this character are due to an insatiable curiosity which has not been satisfied.

Another lesson parents must learn is not to be always chiding and restricting. To give a child a box of tools and then whip it because it tries to saw off the sofa legs is to behave like an irrational lunatic. If a child has tools it must be given suitable wood.

Mr. Ammon, M.P.

It is good for boys to be adventurous. But there are better adventures for boys than risking their bodies between the lines over which express trains run.

Mothers ask me sometimes if they should whip their bad children. No. Flogging always fails. It chastises the body and does nothing to improve the mind.

Solution of the problem

The training of the mind is the solution of the problem child. It is a great responsibility to bring children into the world. It is shameful to shuffle that responsibility on to police courts and reformatories.

There are no bad children. There are sick children, and mismanaged children and misunderstood children. Any parent who has a problem child and will take the trouble to find out can discover into which category it falls.

The Marriage Muddlers

by **GEORGE GODWIN**

THE Church long since lost its right to assert its canon law over secular law. But there remain in the Church many men who look jealously on the civil law and lose no opportunity to make claims for the law of the Church.

It is in regard to the ceremony of marriage that the Church cherishes its old ideas and resists the authority of the State.

Take the frequent cases of what are commonly called "mixed marriages." Recently a young man, a professing Roman Catholic, wished to be married to his Protestant bride in the old church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand.

The vicar, however, explained that if he was to be married in that church he would have to sign a declaration renouncing his faith and become a member of the Church of England. The young man declined with thanks, whereupon the vicar refused to solemnise the marriage.

NOW it may be pointed out that marriage is a civil contract besides being a religious sacrament.

Therefore, when a cleric refuses to perform a marriage because his views happen to clash with one of the parties concerned, he is taking a line altogether too reminiscent of the days of intolerance when the rack and the brazier were invoked to settle all questions of heresy.

The position of couples of differing faiths is difficult enough. But it is made a great deal more difficult by clerics who fan the embers of religious bigotry by becoming violently partisan.

THE Marriage Act, which is the law regulating marriage in England, lays it down that the marriage ceremony is to be performed between 8 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Not long ago a young couple were declared man and wife by an obliging parson just fifteen minutes after the latest hour laid down by the Act.

Quite oblivious that anything about their marriage was irregular, they departed for their honeymoon. But when the Bishop of St. Albans heard of these doings, he claimed that the couple were not properly married!

Deeply pious people might well have been driven to frenzy by this announcement. Happily, this young couple had more sense. They enjoyed their honeymoon, returned, and did it all over again.

It might have been better had they taken their law from a lawyer instead of from a bishop. Had they done so they would have been told, on the high authority of Mr. Arthur May, the greatest living expert on such questions, that the first marriage was perfectly legal.

The Marriage Act, while it lays down the hours for the solemnisation of marriage, does not state that all other marriages are void; the time proviso is merely an "instruction," a "direction."

The clerical hair-splitter has been so much in prominence over the solemnisation of marriages between widowers and their deceased wife's sisters that it is sufficient only to mention the fact.

In strange contrast with the types of cleric mentioned above are those slip-shod incumbents who will not take the trouble to learn the marriage laws.

These amiable, if misguided men will solemnise "death-bed" marriages, oblivious of the fact that every factor to a legal marriage is absent except, of course, the essence of its true spirit.

MANY have been the cases of devoted girls left widows after a few days, who have been politely informed that they are not widows in the eyes of the law at all.

Marrying folk is one of the most important of parsons' jobs. They should know the law. Unfortunately, when they do study the law on the subject they seem to seek for quibbles upon which they can raise frivolous issues.

"It's a sinful shame!"

Jam will evaporate during storage.

To lessen the risk of our Jams reaching you short weight through evaporation we fill into the jars every year hundreds of thousands of lbs. more Jam than we actually charge for.

That is the remark frequently uttered to our representatives at the sources from which we buy our **Fresh Fruit.**

They seem to think it a shame that such luscious fresh fruit should be made into jam.

We use only the Freshest and Choicest Fruit that money can buy.

Nothing is added but Pure White Sugar, which explains the delicious home-made flavour.

You get **no glucose—no colouring matter—no preservatives—no pulp in Hartley's,** but you do get

FULL VALUE

Insist on Hartley's —it goes furthest.

Hartley's

Raspberry · Strawberry · Black-currant Jams & Marmalade

No. 8 A

Which will you have?

Gibbs Shaving Cream or Cold Cream Stick

Both equally good!

Either way, Cream or Stick, provided it is Gibbs, there is no doubt about the result—the finest shave on record.

You will find the reason in the rich, creamy, water-laden lather. It does not dry on the face as light 'airy' lathers do.

It saturates every hair of the beard, however tough, and makes swift, easy work for the razor.

Then there is delicious Cold Cream in all Gibbs Shaving productions. It carries out its soothing, comforting work while you shave, by filtering into the open pores of the skin.

After-shaving effects are delightful. The healthy glow, the soft, supple skin, are like the refreshing and softening influence of a cold cream massage.

Make an early start on this course of luxury shaving.

FREE!
TUBE or STICK

Cut out this panel; pin to paper bearing name and address only; and post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

We will send you free a **Trial Tube of Gibbs Shaving Cream** or a **Sample Stick of Gibbs Shaving Soap**
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Just two minutes' work to experience such luxury shaving as you have sought for years.

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BOURNVILLE

'Keep fit on cocoa'

For the sturdy outdoor child, or for the studious one, a cup of "Bournville—the cocoa that tastes like chocolate"—makes breakfast and supper more enjoyable. It is food below pre-war price.

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The SILVERTOWN COMPANY,
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Human Documents

The Waiting Widow

Ashamed of Parents—A Callous Cad—Reform's Rebuff

"PRIOR to the war my husband lived in Germany and had a very prosperous business. At the outbreak of hostilities all his horses were confiscated for the German army and all his other livestock was taken.

"He received terrible treatment during the time he was interned in various prisons and Ruhleben camp, and he was a mere wreck when he was released.

"Shattered in health and stripped of all his possessions, he did not live long to enjoy his freedom. I found myself a widow almost penniless and was obliged to sell everything I possessed to pay the fees to bury him.

"I was thrown on the mercy of the world, without a home, without money, and with two children to provide for. I put the little ones out and took a situation as housekeeper at £1 a week.

"Every week I feel I am going down and down, my health and strength failing, and my spirits sinking lower and lower.

"Above all I am terribly lonely and unhappy at being parted from my little daughters, whose lives seem to have been wrecked almost as soon as they were launched, by the fearful storm of madness men call war.

"BEFORE his death my dear husband lodged a claim for reparation for all he had lost. The claim has been in the hands of the authorities for seven years.

"It is perfectly sound and in order, and it is nearly three years since the memorial was accepted by the Anglo-German Arbitral Tribunal.

"I have had to fight unaided for this claim. I am not entitled to a widow's pension as my husband never worked for a master and was not enrolled in the national insurance.

"I have no means whatever other than I can earn with my hands, and my only hope of relief is the settlement of the reparation due to me. All these years I have been waiting until my heart is sick with deferred hope.

"I want to set up a small business as a foundation for my dear children's future, but I can't borrow money on the claim, and I have no security to offer.

"Can you help me, before it is too late?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is, indeed, a scandalous thing that a Government of men who profess and call themselves Christians should so neglect just reparation while they spend millions of pounds piling up armaments. I suggest that you should ask your representative to raise the matter in Parliament.*

* * *

"I AM a girl of twenty, engaged to a young man several years my senior who loves me devotedly. His folk are dear, old-fashioned people after my own heart, who regard me as a quiet, well-mannered girl, and naturally suppose that my father and mother are the same as themselves.

A Bad Example

"It is not my parents' influence and home surroundings that have helped me to any refinement. My mother uses foul language continually and is for ever relating obscene tales which I abhor.

"She scarcely ever opens her mouth at home without swearing, and if I protest I already get rebuked with violence.

"My mother doesn't seem to have a scrap of affection for me. Indeed, my efforts to remain superior to my environment appear to inspire her with hatred.

"My fiancé saw from the start that all was not as it should be in my home, and he thoroughly understands my position and sympathises with me.

"Our worry is to know how to keep his parents and mine apart, for it is difficult to see how we can prevent their meeting if we have the sort of wedding his father and mother would like and invite guests.

"Am I justified in breaking the commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' when in my heart I cannot honour or respect either of them?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*Such a mother is unworthy of respect, but you need not bother about breaking the Fifth Commandment. St. Paul added to it an admonition to parents, "Provoke not your children to wrath." Ask your fiance to explain the situation to his father and mother and get married quietly.*

* * *

"LAST summer my young daughter met a man who appeared to fall madly in love with her and a whirlwind courtship ensued.

A Callous Betrayer

"So far as I could judge he appeared to be in every way honourable, so that I had no hesitation in giving my consent to their engagement.

"Last autumn my daughter spent her holidays at this man's home and after she returned he continually corresponded with her, until I was horrified at the discovery that my poor girl was about to become a mother.

"My daughter wrote many pleading letters to him, all of which he ignored, and when at last I wrote to him myself he replied denying responsibility and making the most disgraceful suggestion that my daughter was already in trouble when she went to stay at his home.

"It just happens that I have irrefutable evidence that such was not the case, and I should like to know if there is any action I can take against such a despicable cad. My daughter is only seventeen years of age, and this wretch is nearly ten years her senior.

"Knowing that the girl is fatherless, I suppose he thinks the matter will be allowed to slide."

"HUMANIST" says: *I think it was indiscreet to consent to your daughter's engagement when she was so young, but if you can prove parentage the man can, of course, be made responsible for the maintenance of the child. Such cads deserve flogging, but they may sometimes be punished through their pockets.*

Seven Lean Years

IF the hearts of our readers have been moved with compassion by reading the pathetic story of the widow who has waited seven years in poverty for reparation for the loss of her home and husband, we earnestly urge them to show their pity for poor souls in distress in a practical manner by sending a subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, through which we endeavour week by week to brighten darkened lives.

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered by post. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"I AM only twenty-four, and ever since I can remember I have seen nothing but trouble at home. One of my earliest recollections is of standing in a witness-box to give evidence against my mother, and as a boy I lived in the midst of drink and gambling and vice.

Chance to Make Good

"I don't wish to make excuses, but it is not surprising that at last I ran wild myself. I am determined to leave drink and gambling alone in the future if I can only have one more chance.

"I am out of work, and without any prospect of a job. The only reason I am unemployed is drink. I had worked for the same firm ever since I left school, and given honest service, until so-called pals led me into trouble. I should never have seen the inside of a prison if I had not been drunk.

"While I was there I swore I would never go wrong again, and I was encouraged by my employer, who wrote to the Visiting Committee saying he would give me a fresh start when I came out.

"It was a severe shock to me when I found he was not going to act up to his word. He refused to take me back, and so for weeks now I have been walking about the streets unable to get a job.

"I don't want to go wrong again. Can you help me to keep straight?"

"HUMANIST" says:—*Don't give way to despair. Tell your trouble to the police-court missionary, and ask him to intercede with your former employer. If you are sincere in your determination to retrieve the past, he will do his best to get you another chance.*

* * *

The Children's Name

"I was an illegitimate child absolutely forsaken in infancy by my mother. When I married I gave the name of my grandparents which I had always borne, but now that children have arrived I am worried lest my marriage should not be valid and my children illegitimate too."

"Humanist" says:—*It was perfectly proper to use the name by which you were generally known, and your children have every right to their father's name.*

A Fresh Start

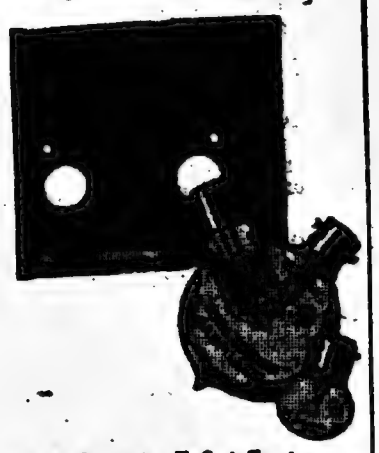
"My husband went to India leaving me unprovided for, and I have since lived with a man and borne him two children. Now my husband has returned and wishes me to settle down with him, as he has the means to furnish a nice home and make a fresh start and he is most anxious to look after the children."

"Humanist" says:—*If you have any love left to offer him, go back to your husband and try to atone for your faithlessness. There appears to be much to forgive on both sides, but you may again be happy if forgiveness is complete.*

Her Son's Trophies

"A dear old lady is very much upset regarding her dead son's sporting trophies, of which he had a large collection. The poor fellow committed suicide owing to his wife's faithlessness soon after marriage, and his widow soon married the cause of all the trouble. The old mother hates to see the mementoes of her boy's youth in what she calls a house of sin, and thinks they should be returned to her."

"Humanist" says:—*The mother's feelings one ought to understand, but, of course, her son's widow is entitled to his property. Unless she is quite heartless, however, she could surely be persuaded to let the old lady have something as a souvenir.*



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The Open Road

MOTORING FOR ALL

Profit by Pleasure

by **W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW**

NOBODY disputes the value of motoring and motor-cycling as recreative pastimes. Motor vehicles of both classes are now available to suit most pockets, and of those would-be road travellers who have not taken the initial plunge, many no doubt are denying themselves, not because they have too-slender purses, but because they consider their purses too slender to afford the pleasure for pleasure's sake.

But is pleasure the only return to be had from a pleasure vehicle? I think not.

There is an aspect of motoring which, although it is not so generally recognised, I regard as being of considerably more importance and value to the owner than the mere pleasure to be derived. I refer to the influence of the motor vehicle on the general progress of democracy.

Means of travel and communication have been, through the ages, and always will be, the most potent instruments of education, and without the latter, it is universally agreed, democracy would be non-existent.

WE are too much inclined to look upon the high proportion of inhabitants who own motor vehicles in the United States—the figure is one in six—only as an *effect* of democratic evolution, whereas, actually, its *causatory* influence in that respect must be very considerable.

Travel is the very essence of education for those gifted with ordinary intelligence and powers of observation. The more people who own motor-cars and motor-cycles, the more educated they become, simply because they become more travelled.

Furthermore, if one's education is to be of any value at all, a knowledge of one's native land should precede that of foreign parts, and to impart that knowledge is one of the most important missions which motoring can fulfil.

IN Great Britain about one person in thirty is a motorist. To increase the proportion, and bring it nearer the American figure, means to speed-up democratic progress and ideas, by increasing our direct knowledge of the homes, habits and industries of the land in which we live.

It means also the removal of an old stigma, so frequently attributed to us—that we neglect to acquire adequate knowledge of our native shores.

Motoring, like wireless, is for the million, and, like wireless, too, it imparts useful knowledge.

Let us, therefore, reconsider the question of taking to the open road, in the light of the tangible return it will give us in the form of a broadened outlook on national life and customs. By so doing, we shall banish every idea that we are not justified in indulging the pleasures of motoring.

Health is another, and equally important offering. After an invigorating week-end run through the country or to the coast that "Monday-morning-feeling" is robbed of its terrors.

The question to ask ourselves, and to answer, is not Can we afford to motor? It is Can we afford not to motor?

SWIFT

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The Swift quality of production; the Swift thorough reliability is not confined to one particular model of bicycle, but is obtainable in no fewer than 14 different grades, including Junior, Tourist, All Weather, and De Luxe machines for both sexes. There are also Road Racing machines that have earned the praise of many prominent club men. Write for our catalogue, it illustrates and describes them all, and explains how you can obtain a "World's Best Cycle" for as low as £5 19s. 6d. cash down, or, under our easy payment scheme—

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Models from £47 10 or from £13 16 6 Deposit and 12 monthly payments of £3 9 2 including insurance.

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Cash prices and deposits are subject to an additional 10/- on solo machines and 5/- on sidecars, due to increase in price of tyres.

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Every tyre in the Dunlop range is built for mileage by the world's master tyre builders. Choose from these grades—British "quality" tyres that live up to their famous name.

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	Beaded edge 1/6 extra.	
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C.F.H. 78

DUNLOP—THE STANDARD *by which* ALL TYRES *are* JUDGED

CHEERI-HO

If you would cycle
Westward Ho,
Or Eastward Ho,
Or down along to Plymouth Hoe,
Or even unto Jorie Ho,
Or (Heaven forbid) to Pimlico,
Or northward to the Eskimo,
With tea at Portobello-o,
And rest the night at Thurso-o,
Or, yes indeed (for why not so?),
To Llandisilliogogo,
Or seeks your riverence to go
To rugged, dear auld Mayo?
Or will you then to Sligo?
Where'er you go,
We'd have you go,
Not merely for a month or so
But till to-day in years ago,
Without a care, without a woe,
In comfort all the way.

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Tells a Good Story About Headaches

Mr. L. Brassey, of London, S.W. 4, writes:—"I do not think one can speak too highly of Carter's Little Liver Pills for functional disorders. As a sufferer from stomachic troubles and their consequent effects, I have tried numerous so-called cures with little or no benefit, but Carter's Little Liver Pills, which I tried on the persuasion of a friend, astonished me by their easy action and quick effect. I think it would be impossible to find a safer or gentler laxative, and certainly not one which at the same time lends tone to the system and maintains it in a state of perfect health. Nature is very quick to respond to the gently corrective action of Carter's and I deem the pills an unfailing remedy for most of our everyday ills, and one which no home should be without." The Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills sold by all Chemists in 1/3 phials only.

Our Letter Parliament

The Devil's Cauldron

Strike Folly—Land Workers' Wages—Bands to Break

Same Old Game

The diplomats have apparently been at the old game of secret diplomatic negotiations. Sir Austen Chamberlain's halo is soon and definitely dimmed. The Locarno spirit truly is gone. There will be fervent prayers that the Pact may not be broken. The people will have to act independently of politicians who are out for themselves.—*E. R. S., Birmingham.*

The Potter's Clay

Sir Austen Chamberlain's apologists are already representing Brazil as the culprit preventing him from pulling the nuts out of the fire at Geneva. A perusal of Mr. Gardiner's article, "Austen's Amazing Blunder," followed by Mr. Thompson's "A Master of Ineptitude," will save your readers from swallowing such a palpably disingenuous story. If Europe is to be safe to live in we must employ representatives who are not mere tools of astute Frenchmen.—*D. M., Hornsey.*

Power of the Press

Your remarks concerning the failure of the League are admirable, but is not the Press as a whole partly to blame? Let a mere rumour of war break out, and we have headlines and columns galore. But the reports of the League meetings are usually limited to a few sparse paragraphs. How can world-wide enthusiasm for any movement be raised and encouraged if the most powerful engine for influencing public opinion fails to function?—*P. Beaufoy, London.*

The Devil's Brew

What a witches' cauldron of evil intrigues and vile, unappeased hates boils in that phrase, Continental politics! What a splendid thing it would be for us if only we could achieve that desire of Lord Salisbury's—splendid isolation! What a glorious thing it would be if we could transplant this entire nation of ours to one of our overseas Dominions, and there carry on our destiny in a cleaner atmosphere!—*V. C. S., Sheffield.*

Geneva's Intrigue

Reading of the coil of petty intrigue at Geneva almost makes one despair of the sanity of nations. The tragedy of the whole business is that left to themselves the people of the nations desire to be at peace with their neighbours. It is a grave reflection on our so-called civilisation that we have a Minister for War, but no Minister for Peace. Surely the system of ensuring peace by preparing for war has been proved a fallacy. It would be as logical for fire brigades to store up petrol and dynamite.—*J. W. Turner, Leith.*

The Poison of Hate

Ireland hated England over the cruelties and oppression of Cromwell and other leaders, and in spite of reparations this hatred was kept alive by dinning stories of past wrongs into the ears of the young. Germany and other countries crushed by the war will nurse their hatred and take revenge at the first opportunity if their conquerors insist on their "pound of flesh."—*M. J. Brennan, Limerick.*

A Grave Risk

Germany has been temporarily refused admission to the League of Nations. This decision to postpone consideration of our erstwhile enemy's application will no doubt have far-reaching effects, as there is the possibility of a Russo-German agreement on Locarno lines prior to September. If this materialised Germany would then have no use for a league seat, and the cause of international peace would thus suffer.—*E. B. L. C., Shawlands.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Pity the Pedestrian

Recently there has been an increase in the number of cases of pedestrians injured by motorists who callously drove on without stopping. The maximum penalty for such an offence is £10. The courts ought to have power to imprison. This is an important matter, now that the motoring season is starting and other less-fortunate people also hear the call of the open road.—*L. D., Havant.*

Too Busy for Business

On making application for rebate in respect of unused contributions paid by my late father to the Ministry of Labour, I have received a curt letter, stating that the Department is "too busy" to attend to any further claims for three months. What private debtor could plead being "too busy" to settle his just liabilities? The Ministry of Health discharged a similar claim within two weeks.—*C. R. Taylor, London, E.C.*

Labour's Barbarous Weapon

Mr. Arnold Holt proves convincingly the absurdity of strikes. Labour leaders should convince their followers that such a method of dealing with industrial disputes is as much out of date as is the stage-coach for travelling. These leaders are continually calling for the abolition of warfare in international disputes, and rightly so. Why do they still persist in warfare in industrial matters, combined with such a barbarous weapon as the strike?—*W. M. S., London.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"THE POPULAR":—"Durrant's voice rose above the uproar, GRINNING from ear to ear."

"WISBECH STANDARD":—"It was agreed that the EASTER holidays should commence on NOVEMBER 31st and end on April 13th."

"NEWCASTLE JOURNAL AND NORTH STAR":—"The Commissioners hold the view that the industry will again become as PREPOSTEROUS as in its best days."

"WEEKLY DISPATCH":—"When he marries he will have an escort of UNIFORMED men in PLAIN clothes."

"THE SUB-POSTMASTER": — "We really want to see you and shake your HEAD."

"BLACK MASK MAGAZINE":—"FOUR of the crew turned up MISSING."

"EVESHAM JOURNAL":—"The broken DIAL of the Town CLERK came in for attention."

Going Away?

—You'll find "The London Mail" good light holiday reading. Get the Easter Number to-morrow—Thursday. 86 pages with two-colour cover—and all for 2d.

Why Land is Neglected

On the one hand we read "Cultivate more land," on the other hand "Better and more education." I have before me a local paper containing four columns of "Agricultural Workers" wanted. I know many farm workers who say, "My lad is too good a scholar to go on the land; we are going to put him to something better." Forty to sixty shillings per week and light work is preferable to thirty shillings and drudgery. The parents know, and education is doing the rest.—*Countryman, Salop.*

Pensions for Houses

A war pension may be commuted in order to make the opening of a small business possible to the pensioner, but would it not be of as much value if a commutation could be effected in the case of those who would marry, but cannot, because they have no house in prospect? A hundred pounds or so would go a long way towards purchasing a house through a building society, and there are thousands of pensioners who would welcome such an innovation.—*Fusilier, Dereham.*

Bakehouse Horrors

Your exposure of the scandalous conditions in bakehouses is not in the least exaggerated. I have seen operatives suffering from dermatitis—after mixing the dough—actually wash their arms and hands in the same buckets used for conveying water to the bread troughs, and as no towels were provided, the bakers used empty flour or sugar sacks for drying purposes. Present conditions demand the Government's immediate attention.—*W. D., Cheshire.*

Cruel Ties

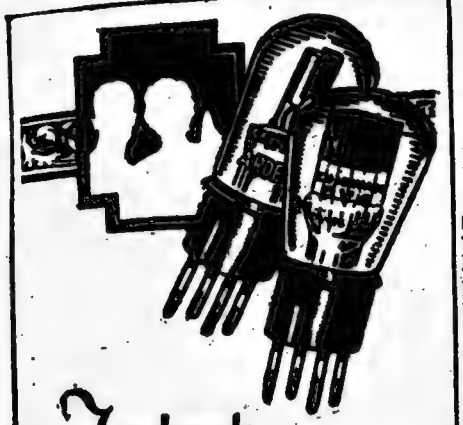
The only way out of an intolerable married life seems to be for one or other of the parties to commit adultery, or to pretend to do so. After I was married my husband stated that there was insanity in his family. During long years of misery I fully realised the fact. Even my children were tainted. Yet I was true to him. He left me, and for two years I have known peace. Ought not such a case to constitute grounds for divorce, and so set both of us free.—*Candid, Liverpool.*

Comforting the Mourners

Some time ago you drew attention to the burial of a girl who committed suicide when of unsound mind, in Worcestershire, where the vicar seems to have acted inconsiderately. You may therefore like to know that a somewhat similar case occurred in this parish last week. The special service provided for cases of suicide was used—as was right—but the body was brought into the church, and every care was taken to soothe the feelings of the relatives and friends. I am happy to say that this course has been fully approved by the relatives, the parish generally, and by the Archbishop of Canterbury.—*Arthur J. Morris, Kennington Vicarage, Kent.*

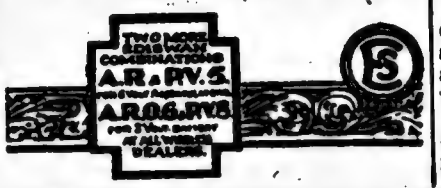
An Inhuman Relic

It is good to observe JOHN BULL upholding the right of the Press to publish accounts of executions. If the Home Secretary is eager, as he says, to do anything to remedy what he regards as a scandal, then the best remedy is to abolish the cause of the publication of these accounts. Legal circles should voice their abhorrence of such inhuman practices as executions and give an authoritative lead to the public opinion which will eventually remove this barbarous relic of an inhuman age.—*Leslie Leatham, Liverpool.*



Two heads are better than one, they say. Similarly two valves are better than one—
Try this Scientific Combination

EDISWAN
P.V.6. (Power) & A.R.D.E.
VALVES
A PAIR WITHOUT COMPARE
(for 6 Volt Battery)



Radio Talks.

The Listener Looks In

by **Professor A. M. LOW, Fellow of the Radio Association**

IT is of interest to note that the proposed Broadcasting Commission is to have upon it representatives of the general public and the listener. This will come as pleasant news to those who believe that programmes could be improved by attending to the exact requirements of the licensee.

The evidence placed before the Broadcasting Committee by the Wireless League has evidently received more than careful attention by the members of that body; most of their suggestions have been adopted.

* * *

During magnetic or electrical storms it is very desirable that the set should be earthed, and the earthing switch is best placed outside the most convenient window. Damage to people and property is rare, but any injury to the set from atmospheric causes is usually rather serious and often means replacement of valves and transformers.

The Wireless League insurance covers damage of this kind, together with all third-party claims due to aerials falling on other people's roofs or greenhouses.

* * *

Many people complain that when using dull emitters accumulators are an unnecessary trouble. Dry batteries, however, are rather liable to vary and are not always trustworthy.

The new Darimont battery is one way out of the difficulty, and if given reasonable attention it can be put out of the way in a convenient cupboard, with a couple of wires running to the set.

This is a step towards the ideal of the cold-emitter valves which would require no feeding at all or of the unit which could be run from mains and treated with the same neglect as is the average electric bell Leclanché battery.

* * *

A most interesting device known as the Nick-o-Time Tunometer has recently been produced. It is an attempt to do away with the need for so many coils and complications, for tuning-in the main stations which are known to give good results.

Anything which brings us nearer the ideal of the American constructor, who wants to list his stations on a chart, is worthy of serious attention.

* * *

A move is being made by the various valve manufacturers to standardise these important components. The Osram range is most complete and valves are now made to serve the dual purpose of both detection and amplification.

In conjunction with the "R.I." tapped transformer, any desired combination can be made to suit the average listener.

* * *

The loud-speaker is an apparently harmless instrument, but it requires a certain amount of attention to prevent dust and dirt lodging in the trumpet. This is one great advantage of the box type now marketed by Messrs. Amplion or A. J. S.

It is interesting to try the loud-speaker in different positions in the room. Reflection from furniture and absorption by pictures with heavy backs often interferes with satisfactory volume and purity.

At less than the price of good phones

The famous Dragonfly AMPLION is now

ONLY 17/6

Obtainable from all AMPLION STOCKISTS, Radio Dealers or Stores.

Announcement of Alfred Graham & Co. (E. A. Graham), Crofton Park, London, S.E.4.

B164
17/9

The low price of this smart Glace kid Oxford Shoe is typical of the marvellous F.H.W. value. For smart appearance and excellent wearing qualities it is unequalled.

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Order a pair of Burlingtons. Simply state shoe number and size, and send a pencil outline of your foot, with remittance. (Foreign orders must include enough for postage.) Examine the shoes in your own home. Try them on! We send goods post free in U.K., and guarantee to satisfy you

Send postcard for F.H.W. Catalogue, which shows scores of styles.

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250, Hope Street, Glasgow.

An Easter Egg for Punters

The Lincoln Nightmare—The Best of the Bunch to Follow—Forseti coming over—Peeping Tom Popped Up—Mendoza on Easter Monday

THE best thing to do about the Lincoln is to pass it over as a bad nightmare. When an ex-selling plater, which on the last occasion it ran finished ninth of ten in a field of cats'-meat, can beat a Derby second and representative Cambridgeshire horses, it shows the lottery of the Carholme scramble.

Plenty of Time for Recovery

The honours of the race, of course, go to Zionist, but, unfortunately, medals do not count when it comes to the settlement. The bookmakers have to thank the length of King of Clubs' head for the biggest victory they have ever had in the race. However, the season of 1926 is a good twenty-rounds' contest, so there is plenty of time for punters to make a good recovery. I repeat my advice given prior to the Lincoln—"Go slowly during the first three months, and have only a modest bet on the big races, as they are gold-mines for the bookmakers." The Lincoln was an Eldorado for them.

Notes on Lincoln Runners

The Lincoln field was, on the whole, one of the best-looking I have ever seen on the Carholme. I made notes on most of the runners, but I have boiled these down to half-a-dozen to follow.

Zionist looked a good one, but nothing to rave about.

Dignity.—A fine specimen of a thoroughbred. A snip for a good handicap soon, probably over seven furlongs.

Coram.—Another beauty to look at. Not quite keyed up yet but, in any event, was virtually left at the post. Should be followed for all future engagements in this country.

Box Hill.—Looked and ran well.

King Willow.—A picture of perfect training. Will be one of Vasey's money-spinners of the season.

Congo.—I preferred this one of Persse's to Donzelon.

Forseti Reappears

My French correspondent was interested in the reappearance of Forseti at St. Cloud last week-end. The gelding proved in a race of one mile seven furlongs in which he had to give weight to others that his Cesarewitch success was no fluke, and he is now almost certain to come over for the Great Metropolitan Stakes. Incidentally Lustucru is to be trained for the Chester Cup, in which Forseti is also entered. Both are by Negofol, and it is known that horses by this sire find their best form late in life. Staying is their game.

Peeping Tom

I had the pleasure of seeing Peeping Tom, my last code selection of the jumping campaign, win the Imperial Cup in a trot. This win pleased me very much, as I called special attention in JOHN BULL to the horse's wonderful chance in view of his fast time at Lingfield. Duller and Peeping Tom broke the record for the race at Sandown Park. The race was won in a fraction over 3 m. 56 s. In fact, George beat his own best time, for he and Trespasser smashed records in 1920 when they accomplished the two miles in 3 m. 57 3-5 s.

Duller and Timing

Duller rode his typical race of waiting in front from the start. He carried the field along at such a terrific pace that, with the exception of Border Ranger and Blaris, the runners were stone cold before half the journey had been completed. I heard the other day that Duller can time his races to within a second or two. Often on dismounting he remarks, 4 m. 5 s. or 4 m. 10 s. He is seldom more than a split second out.

An Easter Egg—Mendoza

Easter is about the busiest time in the year for many racing journalists, particularly those who have to handle the results as they come over the tape machines.

Bank Holiday Seventeen Meetings

On Easter Monday, for instance, there are seventeen meetings scheduled. Most of these are jumping or hunt fixtures, but the most important results are recorded in the *Sporting Life and Sportsman*. I shall be at Kempton, where I hope to see Mendoza win the Queen's Prize for Mr. "Jimmy" de Rothschild. The grey was a disappointing customer last season, but the course of hurdling to which he has been subjected has reformed him. Persse's runners should pay to follow at the meeting

Mr. Jimmy de Rothschild, who enjoys a tilt at the ring

One to Ignore

Some of the lists of horses in training give Domenico as coming within that category, and there is one well-known bookmaker offering long odds against his chances of winning the Derby. Take it from me that Domenico is one not to back for the Derby, or any other race, for he is actually at the stud in France, where he was acquired because of the growing interest of French breeders in the progeny of Swynford.

On the appearance of the acceptances for the Grand National "Silver Ring" gave

OLD TAY BRIDGE—Each Way—

as the safest wager in the big gamble, and advocated the support of the gelding right up to the day of the race.

Thanks to the "A B C"

The first race of the season, a seller, was won by Invermark. Within forty-eight hours four letters reached me from punters who had had a good win over the gelding as a result of following the advice given in "The JOHN BULL A B C of Racing." Here is the extract from the "A B C" on Common Sense and Selling Races which guided them:

Horses to Look For

"Occasionally one will find a good-class horse among the probable runners. It is a fairly safe one to back, as the owner must plunge to make the race worth while. It wins, and, having had a good race, he can stall off all opposition at the sale and retain it. Should it lose, it can be claimed by an owner of another horse competing in the race."

Raced against Diophon

Last season Invermark was running in races in company with such horses as Diophon. He is class enough to win any seller. At the subsequent auction following his victory at Lincoln the gelding was bought in for 720 guineas. Invermark will win again.

Alert French Stewards

French stewards have a nasty habit of coming down on offenders when least expected, and last week saw them spoil a nice little gamble on Durakuir, who by finishing second had earned the right to share in the surplus in a selling race. At Ripon this horse was made the medium of a coup that failed a year ago, and afterwards he failed to appear in a Folkestone race. The owner overlooked the fact that there was £2 forfeit to pay for the non-appearance, and nothing was said about it until he went to share in the seller surplus. To his amazement the stewards presented the little bill from England, collected payment, and then disqualified the horse from second place.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Caronicle Mid-day, Sporting Final, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail.

A 2 M U R N J K P Z X V O S

F L E H Y B W T I D G 3 C Q

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be.

QFEI2MQ would read SAMPLES.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, March 31, to Tuesday, April 6.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Newcastle, Portsmouth, Wolverhampton, Bradford, Grimsby, Celtic.

5 HOME.—Preston, Bradford, Rochdale, Hearts, St. Mirren.

4 HOME.—Bolton, Bradford, Hamilton, Aberdeen.

3 AWAY. — Sunderland, Southampton, Coventry.

3 DRAWS.—Leeds v. Sheffield U., South Shields v. Derby, Tranmere v. Wrexham.

3 HOME 2 AWAY.—Portsmouth, Grimsby, Rochdale, Norwich, Glasgow Rangers.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Bradford, Glasgow Rangers, Leicester v. Huddersfield.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 10.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Birmingham, Blackburn, Bury, Cardiff, Huddersfield, Sunderland, Tottenham, West Bromwich.

ENSURE A SUCCESSFUL SEASON

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Selections

AWAY WINNER.—Aston Villa.

DRAW.—Sheffield U. v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Darlington, Derby, Hull, Notts Forest, Port Vale, Southampton.

AWAY WINNERS.—Middlesbrough, Swansea.

DRAWS.—Barnsley v. Wolverhampton, Chelsea v. The Wednesday.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Coventry, Crewe, Doncaster, Nelson, New Brighton, Wrexham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Grimsby, Rochdale.

DRAWS.—Lincoln v. Hartlepool, Wigan v. Halifax.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).

HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Brighton, Bristol C., Crystal Palace, Millwall, Northampton, Plymouth, Southend.

AWAY WINNER.—Reading.

DRAWS.—Norwich v. Bristol R., Watford v. Charlton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Hibernians, Kilmarnock, Raith R.

AWAY WINNERS. — Glasgow Rangers, Queen's Park.

DRAWS.—Cowdenbeath v. Airdrie, St. Johnstone v. Falkirk.

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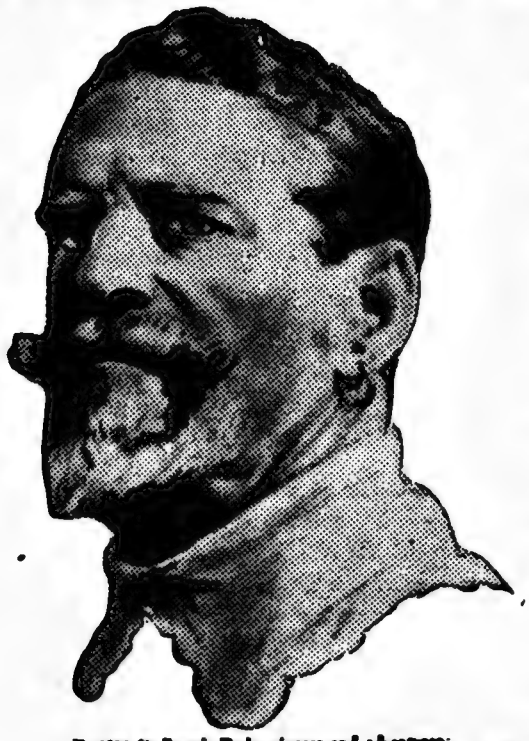

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John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

THOUSANDS of people are entitled to a return on the premiums paid for industrial assurance; thousands of others are entitled to widows' pensions, or are suffering by having had their war pensions reduced.

Such cases are being dealt with daily by the experts in our special departments.

Send particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope, to our Free Advice Service.

G. H. (Swanage).—"What did you think of my article on coal?" It brought a lump into our throat.

R. W. (Nelson).—"My wife hasn't spoken to me for over six weeks." Don't your neighbours envy you?

JESSIE (Dunkirk).—"He says he loves me though he has only known me a week." Probably that's why.

K. L. (Hampton).—"Is the Riviera really cheap?" Parts of it are positively flashy.

F B. R. (Colchester).—"When will the next war be?" The spring poets have already arrived.

M. I. (Lowestoft).—"Your paper is a ridiculous, bamboozling, footling taradiddle of lies." Is it possible you are hinting that you don't like us?

MRS. G. (Bradford).—"Is Prohibition really a success?" We understand that America has been dried and found wanting.

MRS. D. (Brighouse).—"All my daughters are considered very polished." Always casting reflections on people?

T. P. (Lower Edmonton).—"What, in your opinion, is the best course for pedestrians to cross Piccadilly Circus?" Make a will before starting.

H. L. (Hammersmith).—"Few men in these days awake to find themselves famous." They dream they are famous and then wake up.

V. E. (Balcombe).—"Have you ever realised that JOHN BULL's initials also stand for 'Just British'?" They also stand for "Jolly Brainy"!

G. T. G. (Ipswich).—"My husband got down late for breakfast, so I wouldn't let him have it." And then, we suppose, he let you have it?

LUCY (York).—"Last night I dreamed I was being introduced to the handsomest man in London." Oh, Lucy! Spare our blushes.

N. S. A. (Long Preston).—"Why do storks always stand on one leg?" Because if they lifted the other they'd fall down. Next, please!

C. C. (Glasgow).—"Jokes can be carried too far." Any number reach this office that never ought to have left the ark.

P. C. (Cardiff).—"As soon as I met misfortune the girl left me." Then what the dickens have you to complain about?

S. W. (Portrush).—"I can't eat, nor sleep, or yet take any interest in entertainments." Propose to her, boy. Propose to her!

H. B. M. (Leeds).—"It's always jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day for anybody." Except in London, where there's enough traffic jam for everybody every day.

V. R. (Ingleton).—"Why doesn't Baldwin finish off both Lib. and Lab. while he has the majority?" For the same reason Noah didn't swat both flies before he left the ark.

E. W. (Sowerby Bridge).—"A wedding-party I know pulled the communication-cord, but they weren't fined." Why should they be? It is intended to be pulled in a disaster.

F. L. (Salisbury).—"I'm going to Italy, and I've just bought a conversational guide. Do you think they are any good?" Well, they prevent some people from being conversationally guyed.

JESS (Lincoln).—"What do you think of modern girls like me?" We don't.

G. H. (Peterborough).—"After all what do explorers get when they do reach the Pole?" Cold.

M. B. (Leicester).—"I can truly say I made my family what it is to-day." Are you boasting or apologising?

T. T. (Coventry).—"Taxi-drivers are like bigamists; they grab too much." Both claim the illegal fair.

J. H. (Wigan).—"Of course our income is still small." Keep your outgoing less and you'll manage.

F. S. (Swansea).—"I have been connected with some very good families." Just had the telephone installed?

S. A. (Oxford).—"I was never taught to tell lies." You manage very well for a self-taught person.

A. W. (Giggleswick).—"I write these yarns with a strict view to money-making." That is no excuse.

"CATERER" (Islington).—"At last I have let my first floor for a large party?" We trust it will not fall through.

MRS. A. (Bridlington).—"Whole suits are now made of leather." Schoolboys have always worn tanned hides.

MRS. F. (Sheffield).—"Do you call yours a good family paper?" Yes. But we don't mind selling you a copy at the same price paid by the good families.

M. P. (Westminster).—"There should be many more white lines for motorists." Certainly. They are a marked success.

PERCY (Bolton).—"Did I tell you in my last letter I have become an actor?" No, you said you had gone on the stage.

MRS. C. (Liverpool).—"My husband is always betting. He seems to have horses on the brain." Perhaps he married a nag.

J. G. F. (Pickering).—"Don't be afraid of the truth." It would take a lot more truth than we find in your letter to scare us.

P. T. (Ware).—"There are two sides to everything." As our neighbours insist on informing us every time they bring out their cracked gramophone records.

N. L. (Ingleton).—"We are paying too high a price for our boasted civilisation." That's what we thought when our last income-tax returns came in.

R. V. (Hove).—"I am being worried for income-tax and I don't know where to turn for the money." Turn to the *Bullets* page—one of those 100 "Easter Eggs" would just save your bacon.

B. B. F. (Poplar).—"Motoring would be safer if drivers assumed that all pedestrians were fools." It would certainly be an improvement on their present assumption that there are no pedestrians.

48 PAGES FOR 2d.

DON'T MISS the grand Easter Number of

"THE PASSING SHOW,"

which contains colour pages by W. Heath Robinson and Gilbert Wilkinson, and contributions by A.G.G., Stephen Leacock, Ashley Sterne, Bruce Bairnsfather, Will Scott, A. A. Thomson, George Whitelaw, and Jim Clayton Calthrop.

ALL FOR TWOPENCE!

L. T. (Staines).—"America seems to win every game she takes up." But she lost the rubber.

G. M. (Byfleet).—"I bought an antique table for £23 and it fell to pieces." What rot!

T. S. (Hackney).—"What are all the workmen in London streets digging for?" Money.

BABS (Kensington).—"My fiancé calls me a lovely vision." We trust he will never call you a perfect sight.

S. B. T. (Mariesford).—"I have some good ideas." Strangers should always be made welcome.

G. Y. (Dorking).—"My landlord objects to me keeping a goat." Many landlords object to kids.

G. N. (Bermondsey).—"Why do bagpipe-players always walk?" They try to overtake their listeners.

D. B. (Darlington).—"Nothing can be dark and yet light." Have you ever weighed your weekly hundredweight of coal?

H. E. (Norwich).—"What is the reason of my stuff being always returned?" The fact that you enclose stamps.

MRS. G. (Lancaster).—"I cannot get my boy to face up to his lessons and apply himself to books." Try putting him face down and apply yourself to the slipper.

J. G. (Sheffield).—"Ukuleles are the finest accompaniments out for comic songs." They certainly cover up the awful rot of the words.

F. N. P. (Glasgow).—"Golf is emphatically the rich man's game." Yet there are any number of very poor players.

T. T. (Hampstead).—"Wireless programmes should be given daily in all prisons." Impossible. The day for torturing prisoners is long gone by.

MERCY (Clapham).—"He's rather given to offering sugary nothings." You must be careful to take them with a grain of salt.

MRS. L. (Bonchurch).—"I actually found a piece of rubber in one of the sausages." The motor is evidently replacing the horse in all directions nowadays.

MRS. F. (Sawley).—"It is much more blessed to give than to receive." Especially if you're engaged in a boxing match.

B. M. (Bradford).—"I'm an old soldier, turned sixty-nine, and still thinking of a second marriage." Evidently you don't think your fighting days are over.

B. T. (Clevedon).—"There's a lot of spade work to be done in connection with the League of Nations." We trust it won't end in the hatchet being dug up.

B. H. (Oxford).—"I should like to give you my opinion on the summer time scheme." Don't. The extra hour is meant to save gas.

S. E. (Richmond).—"Everest is the highest mountain." Yes; but there are people who want to put a couple of feet on it.

B. P. (Hoxton).—"Bow-legged girls are often very healthy and strong." Nevertheless, they are always in bad shape.

ELLA (Croydon).—"Actions speak louder than words." Yes; but it's not the slightest use putting out your tongue at the Exchange girl.

L. B. (London, E.).—"He was dismissed for puffing a cigarette at his desk." This was a case of there being no smoke without fire.

B. Y. (Leicester).—"I would like to tell my boss what I think of him, but I can't afford to as I am my mother's sole support." So you have to keep Mum.

ACTOR (Balham).—"Next year I am to play Hamlet." We trust that gallerylites won't adopt the attitude that to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

A. L. (Brighton).—"Although the gale caused a lot of damage locally my house did not suffer." Perhaps the mortgage on it was too heavy.

HENRY (Cambridge).—"I am having 'From Henry to Norah' engraved on our engagement ring." Take our advice and substitute "From Henry."

DORIS (Bembridge).—"Although I am pretty and a splendid singer, I am very short-winded." Still, you manage to blow your own trumpet.

NELLIE (Acton).—"When I marry I shall keep it secret from everybody but Dad and perhaps one girl friend." That sounds like taking a mean advantage of the bridegroom.

F. N. (Putney).—"I am firmly of the opinion that there will be sports in the next world." Boat race crews will have a strenuous time rowing on rivers of milk and honey.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

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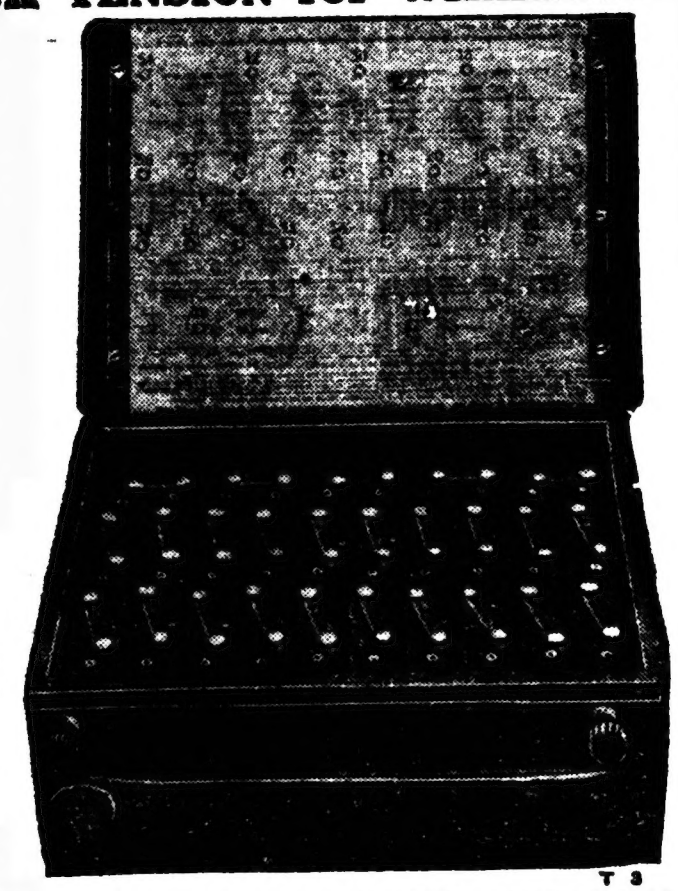
SAVES BUYING A SELECTOR SWITCH COSTING £1 17s. 6d. AND SAVES COST OF FIRST CHARGE.

OTHER MAKES of equal amperage usually sold at 3/3 per volt. Weight excessive.

TUNGSTONE CREATES WORLD'S RECORD for lowest price, minimum weight (only 23 lbs.) portability, accessibility, standardization and interchangeability of all parts, compactness, perfect rubber insulation, long periods between recharges. No self-discharge nor sudden drop of voltage. Ideal for Hot Climates, and can be sent Overseas with first free partial charge, without acid.

Under normal working conditions the calculated life of Plate is at least Six Years. All other parts are commercially indestructible.

No Wood or Celluloid used in any Tungstone Accumulators.



T 3

Please address all communications to Distributors Offices and Showrooms:
TUNGSTONE ACCUMULATOR CO., LTD., 3, ST. BRIDE'S HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams: "TYPIFY, FLEET, LONDON." Telephone: CENTRAL 8187 (3 lines).

Series of Patents Designs and Trade Mark Issued Applied for in the Chief Countries of the World.

Entirely of British origin and manufacture.

On Sale throughout the U.K. at all Garages, Wireless, Ironmongers and Leading Stores.

A COURAGEOUS POLICY.

A high-class, British-built bicycle, guaranteed for five years, delivered free anywhere within the British Isles on payment of a deposit of only 2 6, is the startling offer made by the Mead Cycle Co. (Inc.) of Sparkbrook, Birmingham. And the buyer does not have to remit another penny till he has ridden the cycle one month.

Obviously, the Mead Company has sufficient confidence in the high quality of its productions to know that once the customer has seen and tested the bicycle he will keep it, otherwise it would not make such a daring offer.

Readers who are contemplating the purchase of a bicycle would be well advised to get into touch with the Mead Company at once.

100,000 Rugs

GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 3/4/26. On receipt of Postal Order for 12/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our "Prudential" Brussolette

Real Seamless Woven

Guaranteed Genuine Bargains

Carriage 1/- extra

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., **CARPETS** handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns & fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

These Carpets with **FREE RUGS** will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 12 months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free, mentioning "John Bull," 3/4/26, when writing. Established over Half-a-Century.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

For Cold on the Chest

Musterole is easy to apply and it does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Simply massage it in gently with the finger-tips. You will be delighted to see how quickly it brings relief.

Use Musterole for sore throat, congestion, chilblains, pleurisy, rheumatism and lumbago. (It often prevents pneumonia.)

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London

If you need more exercise

roll your own cigarettes With A.G papers you will find it light, pleasant and profitable.

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The BEST the world produces.

100 PER CENT. CHARITY

A Startling Comparison

WE sincerely hope that the pernicious practice of endeavouring to raise money for charitable purposes by appealing to the greed and cupidity of the general public will have received its death blow as a result of the disclosures made last week at a meeting of the London County Council regarding the result of the Second Blind Ballot.

The total amount subscribed by the public was £46,120. It is not surprising that the officials of the charitable institutions which were nominated as beneficiaries by the promoters of the ballot should be filled with disgust at the notification that only £5,287 was available for distribution amongst them.

It is interesting to see how the balance was expended. The prize-winners took 20.5 per cent. of the total sum subscribed. Expenses absorbed 68.7 per cent. The blind, for whose benefit the ballot was organised, received only 10.8 per cent.

It is small wonder that cries of "Shame" resounded through the council chamber at the recital of these figures.

WHEN we come to examine the details of the expenses, we find that nearly £19,000 was spent in advertising, and that the balance of the £40,000 and more expended includes office salaries and wages, a motor-car, travelling expenses, rent, furniture and fittings, sundry office expenses and printing, stationery, circulars and postages, which, by themselves, involved over £6,000.

We have so often called attention to similar wasteful methods that we publish these details in order to emphasise the contrast in the manner in which "The Greatest of These—" Fund is administered. Not a single penny of the money subscribed by our readers is deducted for expenses, the full amount contributed being expended in the actual relief of distress.

It has always been our object to enable the poorest among our readers to have the satisfaction of knowing that even the widow's mite goes undiminished to the relief of distress, and the charity is unique in this respect.

We trust that those who are justifiably disgusted at the revelation in which money destined for charity has been frittered away will support in greater measure than hitherto "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

K. A. B., "For the Cold and Hungry," £2 16s.; Ex-R.E., 10s.; Sq. L. Darwen, 1s.; Anel K., 2s.; "Prizewinner's Ninth," 10s.; J. Pickerill, 2s. 6d.; A. Thom. (Aberdeen), 2s.; Mrs. Blumsell, 1s. 6d.; E. M. Bennett, 2s.; "Losing Hazard," 10s.; "A Leicester Reader," 2s.; M. S. (Oxford), 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Anon., 1s. 9d.; "Jimmy Law," 2s. 6d.; J. Stephen, 6d.; "Student's Ninth," 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; "Anon.," 2s.; F. and O. Rawlinson, 5s.; "Inky" (N. Wales), 1s. 6d.; "A Well-wisher" (Portland), 1s.; N. G., 2s. 6d.; "Anon.," 2s.; A. T., 2s. 6d.; Joseph Almond, "A Ninth," 2s.; Lott and Bill, 1s.; L. V., 5d.; "Little Mary," 2s.; H. Williams, 5s.; H. E. Grimson (Granthams), 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth," 1s. 6d.; My Name is Jess," 1s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; A. E. (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; "Grateful Heart," 2s.; H. E. (Chiswick), 1s.; Mrs. E. K. Walker (Dover), £1; "A Reader's Ninth" (Shetland), 4s. 4d.; "Freddie," 1s.; M. S., 1s.; E. W. Eaton, 5s.; W. F. Chandler, 5s.; Mrs. R. A. Moyes, 3d.; Mrs. L. Woodcock, 6d.; Miss C. E. Johnston, 6d.; "Jumping Joshua," 2s.; W. Fox, 1s. 6d.; B.M./BRPB, 5s.; Starelard (Bridge), 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Miss Lena Hart, 1s.; "L. L. Smith," 2s. 6d.; Anon., £1; H. Brotherton, 1s.; "May," 2s.; "30 More Pennies Ante-dated," 5s.; G. V. P. (Stratford), 2s. 6d.; L. W. H., 2s.; J. A. S., "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; E. Rayner (Mrs.), 9d.; T. N. T., 2s. 6d.; Credit Lundo (No. 2 Spasm), 1s.; "On the Ninth," 3d.; Miss Eglin, 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; G. A. H., 5s.; "For the Unfortunate," 1s.; Folkestone, 2s.; M. Dennison, 1s.; G. W. R. (Weymouth), 1s. 1d.; W. Smith, "A Working Man," 2s. 6d.; T. K. S., Wakefield, 2s. 6d.; J. Nicholls, 1s.; "A Labourer's Wife," 6d.; Old Age Pensioner, 7d.; N. G. D., 2s. 6d.; "A Would-be Helper," 2s.; Darby and Joan," 2s. 6d.; "H. A.," 5s.; W. Beer (Exeter), 5s.; A. Kerr (Hawick), 6d.; "Also Ran," 2s. 6d.; 5s.; G. B. Bradnuch, 2s. 6d.; A. P. (tenth ninth), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; A. Thom, Aberdeen, 1s.; Kid, 6d.; "Hopeful" (third donation), 6d.; C. A. Shaw (Luton), 6d.; P. A. Eyles (Northcote), 5s.; "Ninth" (Leyton), 6d.; W. Anderson (Cambuslang), 1s.; Mrs. Roberts (Huddersfield), 2s.; L. S. Gates (Tunbridge), 1s.; G. C. Watkin, 1s.; "Anon," 1s.; "Broken Faith," 5s.; "J. B. 44," 1s.; "Client" (Liverpool), 6d.; Anon., 5s.; "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; G. F. Powell (Bath), 2s. 6d.; "Friend," 2s. 6d.; L. G., 11½d.; H. Bloodworth, 1s.; Mr. R. D. (Wittenmore), 2s. 6d.; M. R. Ley (Devonport), 10s.; "Billys Boy's, 1s.; James Dalton (Saskatchewan), 5s. 2d. (1 dollar, 25 cents); Parcel of boy clothes from "Poor Mother"; "R. C. B.," 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Insomnia & Indigestion

This Cheshire lady was ill for years, but Dr. Cassell's Tablets restored her health.

Mrs. Derbyshire, of 50, Cawder Street, Runcorn, Cheshire, writes as follows: "Years ago I had a serious illness from which I thought I should never recover. I tried many things, but nothing did me any good. My nerves were in a bad state, and I had no strength, no energy. I determined to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets, however, and I am very glad that I did. I am a new woman, I am never without them now, and I have recommended them to all my friends."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Weakness
Children's Weakness

Neuritis, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Anæmia, Palpitation, Headache, Wasting

Nerve Pain

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-. Sold only in sealed packages at all Chemists and Stores.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Miner's Dream Comes True

A £1,500 "Subsidy"

THE 1st of May is coming, the date on which the coal subsidy is due to expire. Men who work in the mines are wondering what the future may hold for them, but there is one mine-worker in a Yorkshire colliery who has no fears at all. He has just secured a £1,500 "subsidy" in the shape of the First Prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 594.

That man is Mr. G. Parton, of 3, Dale Road, Rawmarsh, Rotherham, who had just returned with his weekly 55s. in his pocket when a JOHN BULL representative called at his tiny cottage to congratulate him.

A short, stockily built little Yorkshireman, with a permanent smile, is young Mr. Parton—and that smile of his did not arrive with his £1,500 cheque. It is the same one which has carried him through several years of unsuccessful competing and ultimately to the top of the prize-list.

* * *

The winner produced a "Target" Prize from a pile of competition papers and pointed to an announcement upon it of this very £1,500 prize which now is his. "This was my only previous prize this year," he said, "but it determined me to make an extra big effort to land this fine cheque."

Then he explained how he came to make up his successful "Bullet"—"BRITANNIA—LOOKING OVERSEAS—OVER" LOOKING LAND." A penny he was putting in the gas-meter set him thinking of Britannia and, deciding first upon the sentiment he wished to convey, he altered and realtered the wording until it seemed perfect, as indeed it is.

"What is your advice to competitors who are trying for one of our big Easter prizes this week?" he was asked.

"Tell them one seldom gets anything worth having without a struggle," was the reply. "Make a hobby of 'Bullets,' work hard at them with a definite system every week—*and be an optimist!* That is my advice."

* * *

"I haven't had time to consider what I am going to do with my £1,500," he continued. "For the moment the bank will look after it, and, of course, I shall just jog along as usual up at the colliery."

Mrs. Parton, also a keen competitor, nodded approval. "We've had a pretty hard time," she said, with a smile as broad as her husband's, "and now we've got some money, we know how to take care of it."

One of the hardest-working, happiest and most level-headed of competitors has secured one of our biggest prizes. Remember his example when you tackle this week's "Bullets" examples.

Record Easter Offer!

100 Easter Eggs
£500
100 Easter Eggs
10 EASTER EGGS OF £5
25 EASTER EGGS OF £4
25 EASTER EGGS OF £3
25 EASTER EGGS OF £2
2nd. Prize £100
100 PRIZES OF £1
3rd. Prize £50
200 Prizes of 5/- 500 Prizes of 2/6
10,000 Target Prizes

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 595.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:

Mr. A. WILLIAMS, Limes Avenue, Bear's Head, Wigan.

Example:—Win or Lose
Bullet:—Modern War's Two Evils.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. G. W. WEBB, Chinese Camp, R.A.F. Depot, Hilton, Derby.

Example:—Hard Lines
Bullet:—Prove Mother "Good Actress."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. S. SLATER, 8, Elswick Row, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Example:—Following Horses
Bullet:—Numbers Back "Back Numbers."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. F. S. HAGEY, Shenston, Ashford, Kent.

Example:—Behind
Bullet:—Cyclist Looked—Relatives Followed.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. H. HIRST, 8 Hut, Bellshangar Colliery, Easby, Nr. Dun.

Example:—Without A Word
Bullet:—As Miserable As "Words."

5 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

C. M. Martin, 36, Grosvenor Gardens, Boscombe, Hants.
With A Chuckle—Australian Cricketer Marrying *Here*.

G. Matthews, 5, Argyle Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield.
Striking Lucky—Unemployed—Fasting Now Fashionable.

J. B. Mitchell, 29, Regent Street, Greenock.
What The Palmist Said—Noticing Medals—"You're Unemployed."

H. Storey, The Gardens, Belsey Close, Windermere, Westmorland.
Hard Lines—"Out" There—Then, Here.

S. Waring, 28, Kiddman Street, Walton, Liverpool.
Wordy Warfare—Suits Agitator—Agitates Suitor.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. Brown, 6, Pilgrim Street, Nelson, Lancs.
For Charity—Concerts, Stars Prefer Undergraduates.

M. Craggs, 4, East Parade, West Stanley, Co. Durham.
For Charity—"Poor Share" What's Left.

F. W. Curtis, 29, Bracknell Gardens, London, N.W.
Family Circle—Photographed, Servant In Centre.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. J. Davies, Hillgrove, Pontypool, Mon.
What The Palmist Said—To Police—"Arrest Politicians!"

J. Francis, 33, Shalimar Gardens, Acton, London, W.
Upsetting—Workers Joining "Unconstitutional Club."

Miss M. Gribbin, 24, South Quay, Douglas, Isle-of-Man.
Law Costs—Jury Might Reasonably Swell.

H. Hawksby, Carlton Avenue, Hornsea, E. Yorks.
Possibly—Film Baby's Spoiling Farmer.

Mrs. E. Humpherson, 23, Powderham Road, Newton Abbot, Devon.
With A Chuckle—"Indiarubber Man" Became Missionary.

Miss E. M. Smith, 28, Portland Road, Finsbury Park, London, N.
Wife's Way—Unbought Wanted—Unwanted Bought.

Mrs G. Mann, "St. Neots" Selby Road, Anerley, S.E.
Shooting—About Household Expenses—Philanthropist.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

(*Continued on page .*)

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 597.

RULING THE WAVES
SPRING CLEANING
COSTS TOO MUCH
WHEN BETTING IS TAXED
"WHAT'S YOURS?"
RUNNING THE COUNTRY
MODERN GRANDMA
IN LOVE'S GARDEN
QUESTION OF THE HOUR
WHAT HE WROTE
LADY BARBER
BETTER
REFEREE'S JOB
WHAT THE EMIGRANT SAID
SARCASTICALLY
AT THE TELEPHONE
OUR BABIES
WITH A CURSE
AMATEUR GARDENER
FOR NOTHING
PLAYING WITH FIRE
CUTTING
HEARD IN COURT
A FRIGHT
WHY HE'S POPULAR
BUYING AND SELLING
AT THE CLUB
WIFE AND FAMILY
BUSINESS GIRL
WITHOUT MONEY
NEEDED AT HOME
WHAT IS A SCANDAL?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the Examples printed; then give any Two, Three or Four Words, having some bearing on the Example chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—When Things Go Wrong Bullet:—Sing—Don't "Make Song."

Example:—Night Life Bullet:—Suits Pussy—Upsets Pussy Poot.

Example:—1926 Bullet:—Government Couldn't Postpone *That*.

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to—"Bullets" No. 597, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(597) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date Thursday, April 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(597) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two Three or four Words

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(597) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 8.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(597) P.O. No. _____
agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 597 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 594 can now be seen at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Railway Bookstall, Rotherham Station.

List of 500 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 595 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

mak ner

That's why I say it's good

"Have you ever tried to imagine the kind of lives women lived before safety pins were invented? It's not the great, earth-shaking inventions that add most happiness to our daily lives—it's the *little* things.

"I'm interested to know about Einstein's discovery of Relativity, but my personal gratitude goes out to the man who discovered how to wash clothes without all this back-breaking rubbing and scrubbing—who introduced your mother to Rinso."

Rinso

Takes a load of washing off your hands and a load off your mind

G. B. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

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